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Danger... Curves Ahead!

By MAXINE SHORE

WATCH OUT, PUFF! THERE ARE SIX GALS BEHIND YOU WHO'LL GET YOU—IF THEY CAN!

ONE by one, the Minute Maids straggled into my rumpus room, helped themselves to popcorn and fudge, and sank down, wrapped in gloom.

I waited until everyone was settled, then thumped the presidential gavel for attention.

"Girls," I stated grimly, "you all know the purpose of this gathering—To Do Something About Puff Turner."

"Hear! Hear!" Flower chanted mournfully.

"Our situation is desperate," I went on solemnly. "Things can't go on this way. We are facing social catastrophe."

"You said it," murmured Peanuts.

"Debacle," Libby moaned.

"The meeting," I announced hopefully, "is now open to helpful suggestions."

Nobody said anything. Our morale, thanks to Miss Eleanor Turner, better known as Puff, was at an all-time low. Blue lay flat on her back on the hearth rug, glumly watching a spider weave its web across the ceiling. Libby huddled on the hassock, staring miserably at the floor. Flower and Peanuts looked broodingly into the crackling fire.

I turned to Penny, who was curled up comfortably on the couch, munching fudge and popcorn alternately from the platter and bowl on the coffee table.

"Penny!" I wailed. "Please!"

She was leafing through a magazine, which I hadn't hid well enough, apparently. If there is any reading matter within six blocks, Penny can unearth it, and immediately wanders off in a forest of words. So it's a rule of our meetings to keep all literature out of sight when there are important matters to discuss, as now.

You see, we need Penny. The rest of us, though amply equipped, we like to feel, with the personality and character needed to See Things Through, depend mostly upon Penny to supply the necessary Brain for our enterprises. We rely upon her in serious situations—even though, as often occurs, Penny is responsible for getting us involved in them in the first place.

So there was Penny, at this time of pending social disaster—calmly involved in a table of contents. Being redheaded, it doesn't take much to exasperate me. This was more than enough.

"Penny!" I cried again, and snatched at the magazine.

From long practice, she was able to waft it out of my reach.

"Please, Carol," she said soothingly, as if I were a mere babe, "I'm working on an idea."

"About what?" I asked bitterly. "A new kind of aquarium?" Penny raises guppies and is constantly alert to improve their living conditions. She doesn't want anyone to say her guppies are underprivileged, she says.

Penny's big brown eyes looked through her glasses at me in gentle reproof. Though Penny herself is more interested in guppies than in boys, no one can say she isn't always loyal to Minute Maid projects. There was sympathy in her eyes. I suppose she was remembering that, before Puff, I had had three honest-to-goodness dates with Biff Johnson. And now, maddeningly, he was right up there in front, competing with the rest of the troops for Puff's favors.

"Did you say you had an idea, Penny?" I asked humbly.

"Oh, I do hope so," said Flower wistfully.

For reasons no one else can grasp, Flower is secretly devoted to Jeff Peabody, our sarcastic school columnist, who also had been *cherchez*-ing Puff.

We all looked expectantly at Penny. Blue rolled over on the hearth rug, propped her chin on her tiny hands. Blue plays the field, and was irritated by the way Puff was narrowing it down. Peanuts roused herself from despair long enough to take another piece of fudge and a handful of popcorn. Even Libby dragged her sultry gray eyes from the floor.

Penny reopened her magazine as if we weren't there.

"No, Penny!" I cried in anguish. "Your idea, Penny—remember? About Puff!"

"It says here," said Penny casually, "that by going on this diet, a person could lose between five and ten pounds in a week."

"Penny, please. What's that got to do with—?"

"Puff is plump," Penny went on as if she hadn't heard me, "but you really couldn't call her fat."

"I could," said Libby flatly.

Libby had practically been going steady with Rolf Anderson, B.P.—Before Puff.

Penny shook her head. "No, Puff just misses being fat. She's on the border. She's what they call 'pleasingly plump'."

I nodded reluctantly. I remembered vividly that fateful spring day when Puff Turner had walked into our Advisory Room to register. The first thing I noticed about the new girl was that she was plump. The second thing I noticed about her was that all the boys were noticing her, too. In that certain way.

I gulped and looked again. Puff was well padded. There was no doubt about that. But she swung her curves along with a kind of air, a sort of *savoir-faire*. Yes, Puff went in and out, in and out, like a roller coaster, but everything seemed to be under control. I mean, the curves hadn't settled on any particular objective yet, but they were as

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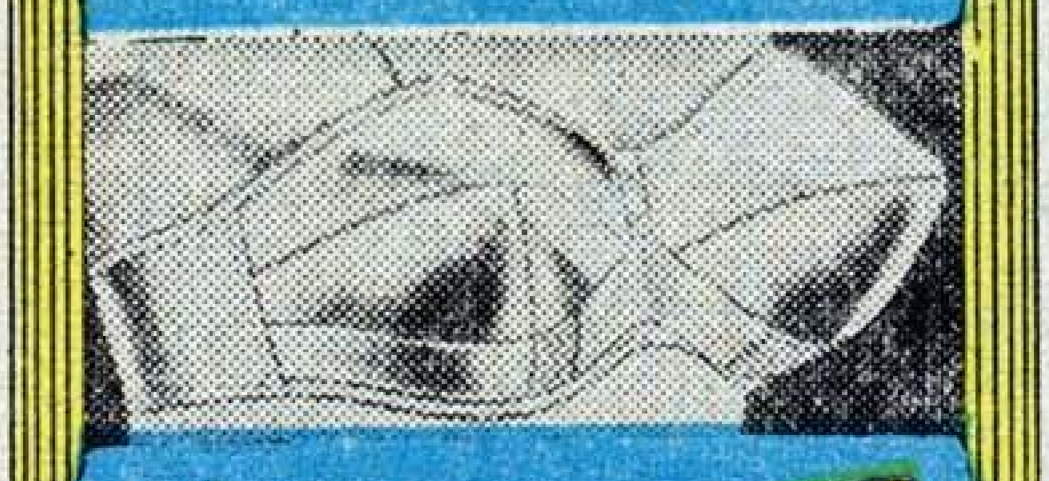

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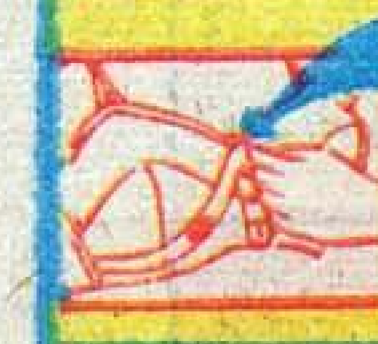

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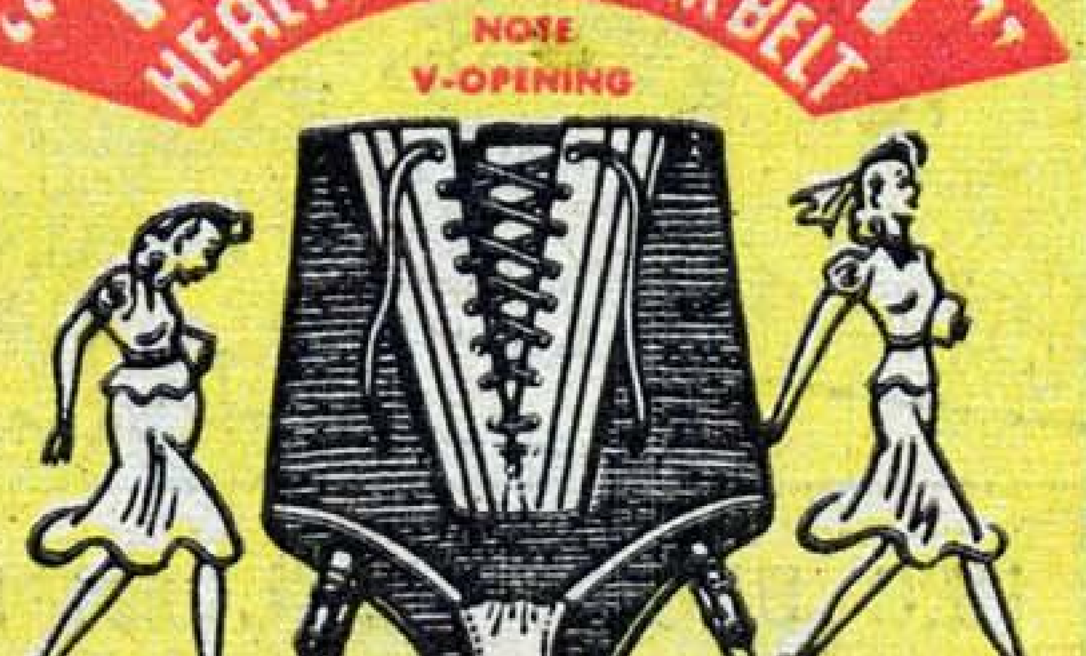

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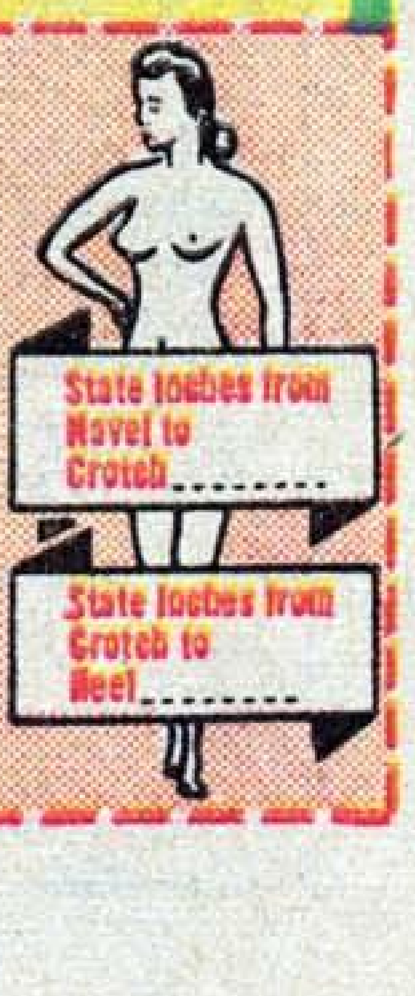
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Charm Corner

SO IN LOVE

"Let's go steady!" Bill, your man of the minute, has finally decided that the time has come for you two to be exclusive. Your smile is bright as a beacon, your brain misty as candy cotton. But stop and think — for just a moment. You want your love to last, and so you must nourish and care for it. Consider the pitfalls . . . and the problems. Consider these questions . . .

1. When Bill doesn't spend every daylight moment with you, do you . . .
   a. threaten breaking up?
   b. become irritated and subject to tantrums?
   c. understand that he has other friends and interests, too?

2. Every day finds you more and more in love with Bill. You're bursting over. Do you . . .
   a. keep your emotions to yourself, knowing that to share them would be to soil them?
   b. mount a soapbox and describe your feelings to anyone who'll listen?
   c. give the girls special scoops on your every experience with Bill?

3. Bill's wallet isn't Fort Knox—his income is only average. Do you . . .
   a. ignore this fact?
   b. discuss the budget with him, then help to keep it balanced?
   c. embarrass and belittle him when you have to reduce your activities to walks and evenings at home?

4. At a party, Bill's danced three numbers with Mary Lou. Do you . . .
   a. corner the girls and ask for sympathy?
   b. smother him with caustic comments at the evening's end?
   c. find another partner and enjoy yourself?

5. A month of going steady has passed. Are you . . .
   a. still as well-groomed when you're with Bill as when you were first bidding for his attention?
   b. only bandbox-beautiful for lavish occasions?
   c. thinking that because you've anchored him it doesn't matter how you look?

6. How much time to spend together is quite a problem. Do you . . .
   a. solo date constantly?
   b. solo, double, and mix with the gang?
   c. only expose yourselves to crowds when it's absolutely essential?

7. Sometimes it's hard to hold Bill's interest. Do you . . .
   a. regain it by finding new things to talk about, revealing new sides to your personality?
   b. play hard-to-get?
   c. try to hurt Bill?

8. Time is when you're tired of Bill—and he's cooling toward you. Do you . . .
   a. hang on, fearing social suicide if you break up?
   b. face facts and call it a day while you're still buddies?
   c. hold Bill by playing on his sympathies?

9. This is the third evening this week that you've seen Bill, and you're a little weary of it all. Do you . . .
   a. put on a bitter, bored act?
   b. manufacture a fight so you'll be able to make up and thus kill an evening?
   c. line up something different to do?

10. Parting time has come. Do you . . .
   a. gush tears like a geyser and make Bill feel like a heel?
   b. cry silently and agree that you can still be friends?
   c. spread rumors about Bill in an effort to spoil his chances with other girls?

ANSWERS

1-c: Avoid becoming overly possessive.
2-a: Your love for Bill can't be very deep if you have to advertise it.
3-b. Going steady is a partnership!
4-c: Bill *adores* you when you turn green.
5-a: Beware of taking him for granted!
6-b: The surest way to be rumored-about is to forget your old friends.
7-a: Going steady is a game, and it should be played fair and square.
8-b: There's nothing sadder than couples who cling to "what used to be."
9-c: Try to make every date with Bill special and scrumptious!
10-b: Bill's no different than other boys—he hates a scene. So be big and spare him.

THAT CERTAIN PARTY

It's summertime . . . and partytime . . . and there are numerous hours and days to spend on planning and presenting a party designed to take the gang's mind off the speed-broiled weather!

So c'mon, finish your iced tea, drag your frame from the hammock, and plunge head first into organizing the coolest wiener roast or the hottest igloo party anyone's ever seen!

As a hostess, you have an opportunity which is sizzling with possibilities. . . . You can double for Dan Cupid, be as entertaining as a Marx Brothers' movie, and give your guests a glorious time!

Let's see how you rate when you've hostess-power at your command:

1. Do you plan your parties around a central theme which furnishes you with decoration, game, and food ideas?

(How about having a carnival with games of skill and chance, hot dogs, weight lifters, freaks? Or writing a slapstick comedy script? Let your guests draw parts, provide costumes, props—put on the production and see what happens!)

2. Do you always have a clever way of introducing your guests to one another?

(When your friends arrive, hand them a slip of paper with a characteristic written on it, such as: "girl who wears matching nail polish and lipstick," or "boy who detests crew cuts." Then ask them to find a guest who fits the description.)

3. Do you knock yourself out seeing that the bashful gals and guys are given conversational openers?

(First, spot the quiet guests. Then introduce them to each other with a remark like this: "Sue, this is Melvin Shyguy. He's on the committee that's drawing up the constitution for the Youth Council.")

4. Are you liable to change your mind every time you decide to toss a party—with the reason that you "don't know enough people that well?"

(Bury that notion! It's okay to invite acquaintances and newcomers to town. They'll be flattered and happy that you included them.)

5. DO YOU HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT?

(This is the cardinal principle.)

6. Do you borrow Margie's latest bop platter?

(We frown on this negative practice because your responsibilities as hostess are manifold, and there's no point in adding a fear of smashed records to your busy mind. See if you can't get along with your old dance records . . .)

7. Do you send a small neon sign with every invitation making diamond-clear exactly what garb is to be worn—hayride, beach party, record sesh, tea-dance type?

(There's nothing more embarrassing for a guest than to arrive at a dinner party in skirt and saddle shoes, or at a ping-pong tournament in black lace and spikes.)

8. Do you have a co-op or buffet system of serving, so you're not absent for long stretches of time?

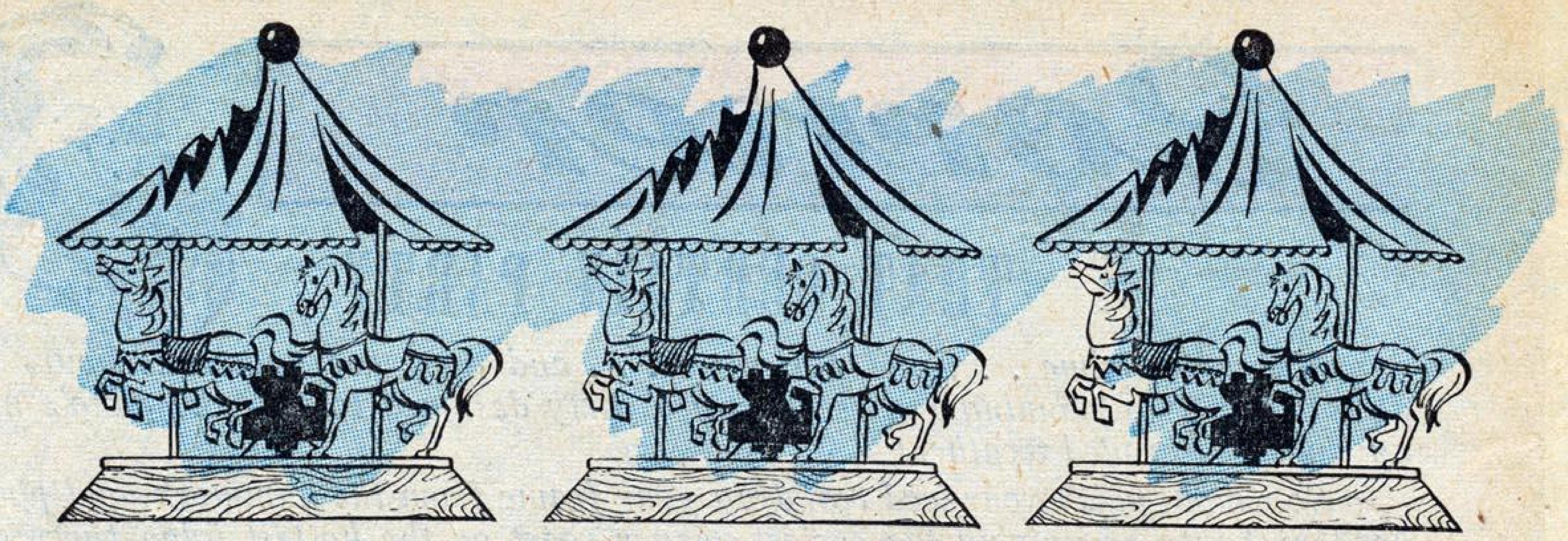
(It is very important to arrange your refreshments beforehand, so that you can concentrate on servicing your guests and keeping the party under control.)

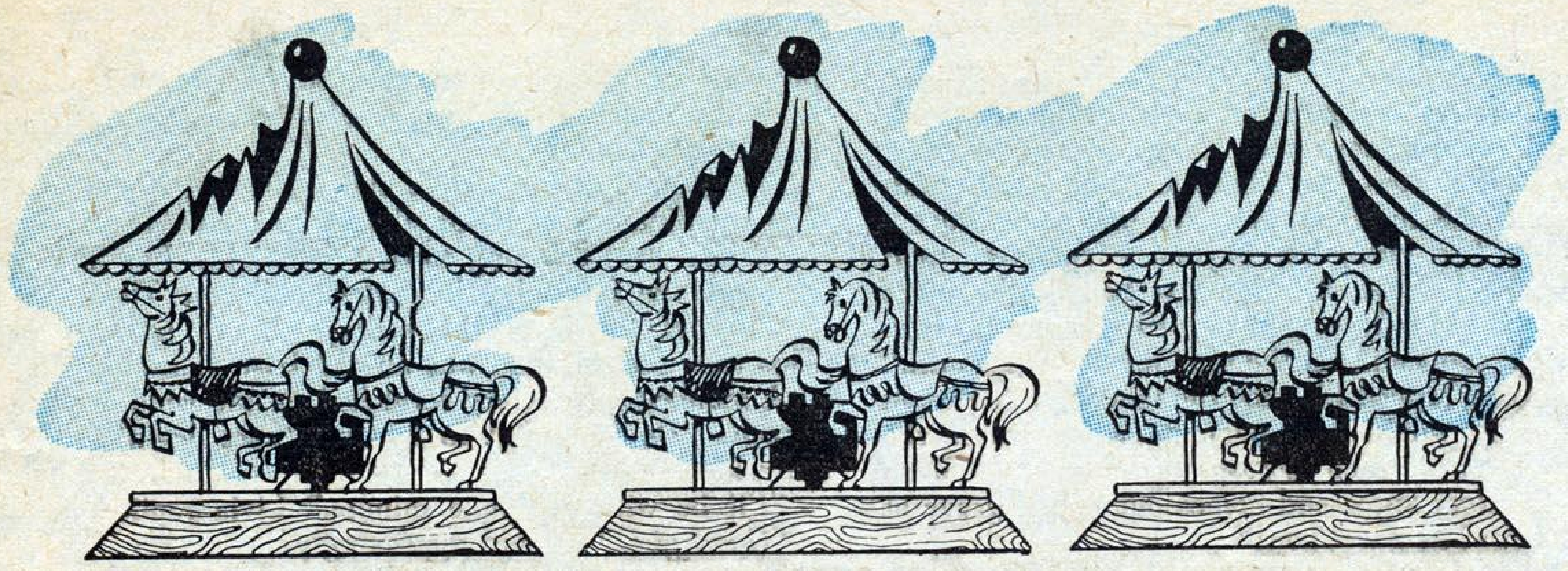
9. Do you try to have your gathering in a basement, garage, or game room filled with unbreakable, doesn't-matter-if-it's-spotted furnishings?

(Your guests will relax and feel more at home in a casual setting—one in which spilled food and splashed cola won't make any difference.)

10. Do you give your guests a basic idea, then let them create their own entertainment from it?

(An amateur hour or charades are classic examples. But why not try getting hold of some new releases, selecting a "board of experts" to identify the band and vocalists, then criticizing and rating the records.)





GHOST OF THE CAROUSEL

YOU SAY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? WE SAY YOU'D BETTER READ THIS STORY . . .

By TRIPP HAMMOND

"ARE you following me?" Exasperation was obvious in Livia Sawyer's voice as she watched Gary Weston come toward her through the forest undergrowth.

"Come back to camp—it'll be dark soon!" Gary took her arm. "What are you doing out here, anyway?"

Livia jerked away from him. "I got tired of watching you and Dora Marlow," she snapped. "You'd better go back to her. She probably wants you to apply more sun tan oil to her back!"

"Creepers, I was only being polite," Gary protested. "She *is* sort of our hostess."

Livia's expression softened. It *was* true that Mr. Marlow, Dora's father, had generously allowed their group at school to use the camp site on his property. Mr. Marlow owned the paper mill which supported their town. Furthermore, he owned most of the town itself and the land surrounding it. Gary wasn't entirely to blame if he was impressed by Dora's attention.

Livia was just about to forgive Gary when she noticed that his eyes were wide with amazement.

"Look!" he exclaimed.

They had reached a semiclearing. Across the glade, near the bank of a stream, stood a merry-go-round. Its gay canvas roof was torn to shreds. Sharp-thorned brambles and waist-high weeds screened the rotting platform, but here and there through the foliage pranced the gaudy wooden horses. There was something uncanny about their violent motion, arrested forever in the mauve light and deep green shadows of evening.

"How do you suppose a merry-go-round came to be *here,* in the middle of a forest?" Gary said quietly.

Livia frowned, thinking. "I remember hearing Uncle Carl talk about it," she said. "He owns the land across the creek. The land we're on used to be owned by an old lady who rented the summer cabins we're staying in. She built a carrousel so people would bring their children here."

"That must have been a long time ago," Gary said.

"About twenty years, I think," Livia said. "Dora's father bought the land from her and cut the pine on it for his mill."

"The place gives me the willies," Gary said. "Let's go back."

A full moon was drifting among amber clouds when they reached camp.

"Gary!" a feminine voice called. "I've been looking for you." Dora Marlow appeared in a bathing suit. "I want to go swimming, but I'm afraid to go alone," she said.

"Would you like to have us go with you?" he asked.

"Oh, *would* you?" Dora trilled. "I *adore* swimming in the moonlight!" She laughed softly and turned to Livia. "I suppose you'll want to come, too," she added.

"Thank you, no," Livia said stiffly.

Dora laughed again. "Why, Gary, I think she's *jealous* of poor little me."

Gary looked pleadingly at Livia, who tossed her neat feathercut proudly and walked away. "If he's too blind to see through that hussy," she thought, "I can't help him."

But later, alone in her room, she wondered if she had been wise. Her pride had given Dora what she wanted. Livia and Gary had gone around together since they were twelve, and until now, no one had ever tried to break in. How does a girl keep a boy, she wondered unhappily.

Livia sat up suddenly, not realizing that she had been asleep. It was exactly midnight. Outside, the moonlight filtered through the leaves like liquid silver. She gradually became aware of a metallic moaning through the forest. Finally, she made out the strains of *The Sidewalks of New York,* played hopelessly out of tune and with agonizing slowness on a steam calliope.

A voice whispered at her window. "Am I crazy or do you hear it too?"

"Gary!" Livia turned, startled by his presence. "Is it the carrousel?"

He nodded. "Come on, let's find out."

In a moment she was dressed, and Gary was leading her toward the forest. They peered through the branches at the edge of the glade. Spotlighted by the moon, they could see the carrousel—and it was *moving!* Rotting wood and rusted cogs wailing in protest, the gaudy horses rose and fell in slow-motion gallop through the vegetation. Ground mist swirled like the ghosts of tiny riders as the calliope stabbed the night with its mournful music.

But not a soul was in the glade! The carrousel moved by itself!

The merry-go-round creaked to a stop, and the music died away, sighing. In the silence, Gary's hand trembled on Livia's arm. "Let's get out of here," he whispered hoarsely.

Back at camp, they stopped for breath. "Silly of us to be scared," Gary said. "A cog must have rusted away, releasing something in the mechanism."

But Livia knew that Gary did not believe his own reassuring words.

After breakfast the next morning, Gary approached her, his face serious. "No one in camp seems to have heard the carrousel or thought anything about it," he said, "except Mrs. Marlow and Dora. They're both frightened."

So he had seen Dora already, Livia thought. "Didn't you calm her fears with that story about a cog giving away?"

Gary shook his head. "It's too unlikely," he said. "Someone must have started the carrousel. How or why I can't imagine—maybe to frighten the Marlows. I want to find out."

"Well, you and the Marlows work on it," Livia said, turning away.

Gary stopped her. "Liv, I know you don't like them," he said half-apologetically. "The Marlows told me to forget the whole thing, but I don't think we should. *You* know something about the carrousel. You could help—"

"I've told you all I know," Livia said.

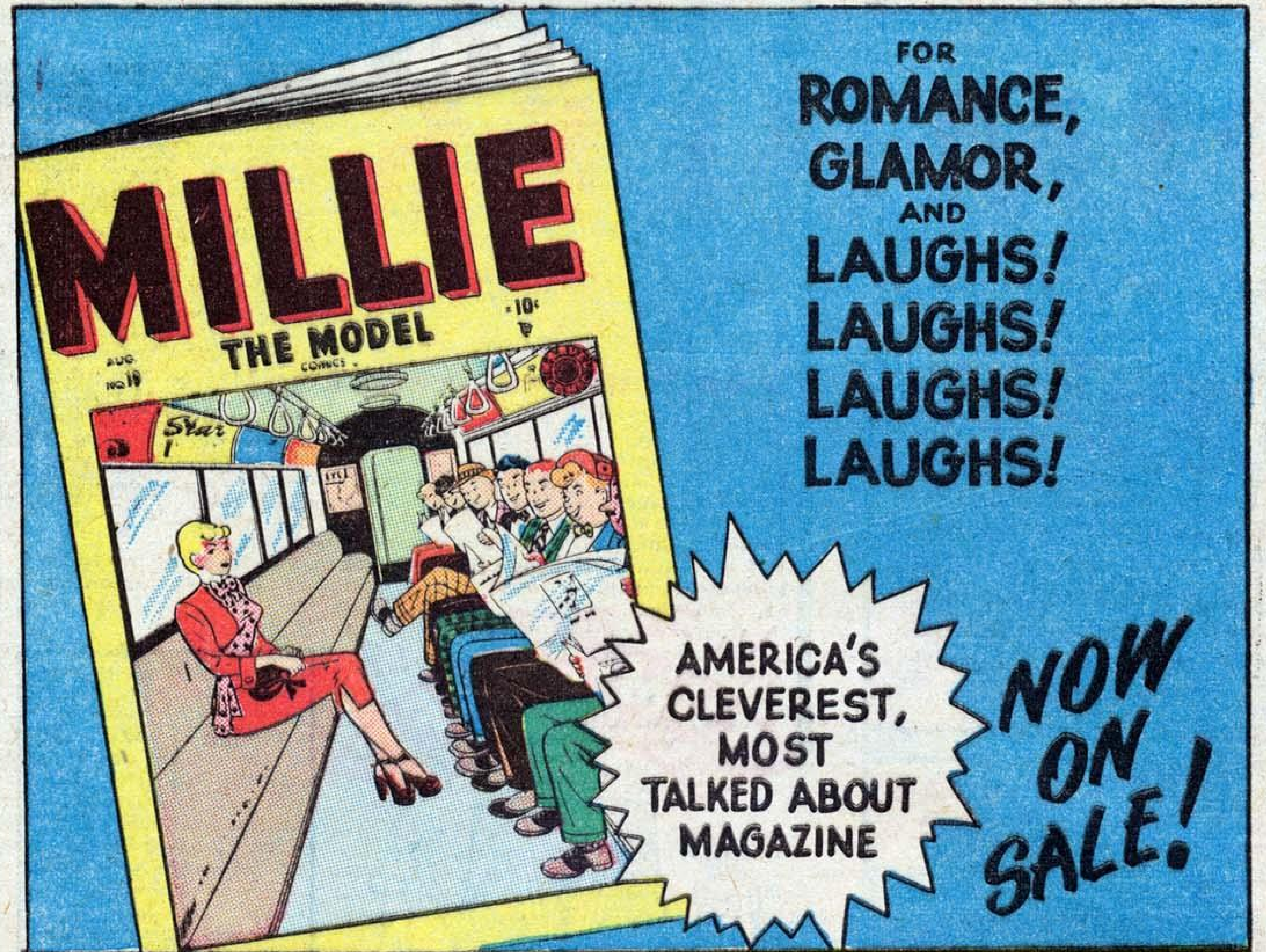
"Maybe there's someone who could tell us more?"

Livia thought. "Old Mr. Peters in the village store might remember."

"Let's ask him," Gary said.

Because of camp activities, Livia and Gary weren't free until early afternoon. They reached

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau,
Board of Education, New York City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Miss America

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WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities—intelligence, character, dignity—all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than *now*.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.

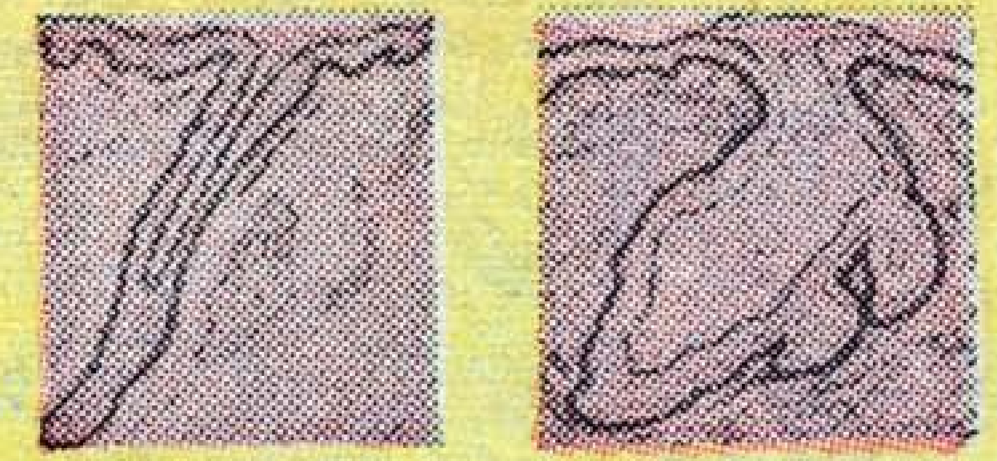
MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A. **Normal skin** **B.** **Sick, pimply skin**

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infectious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

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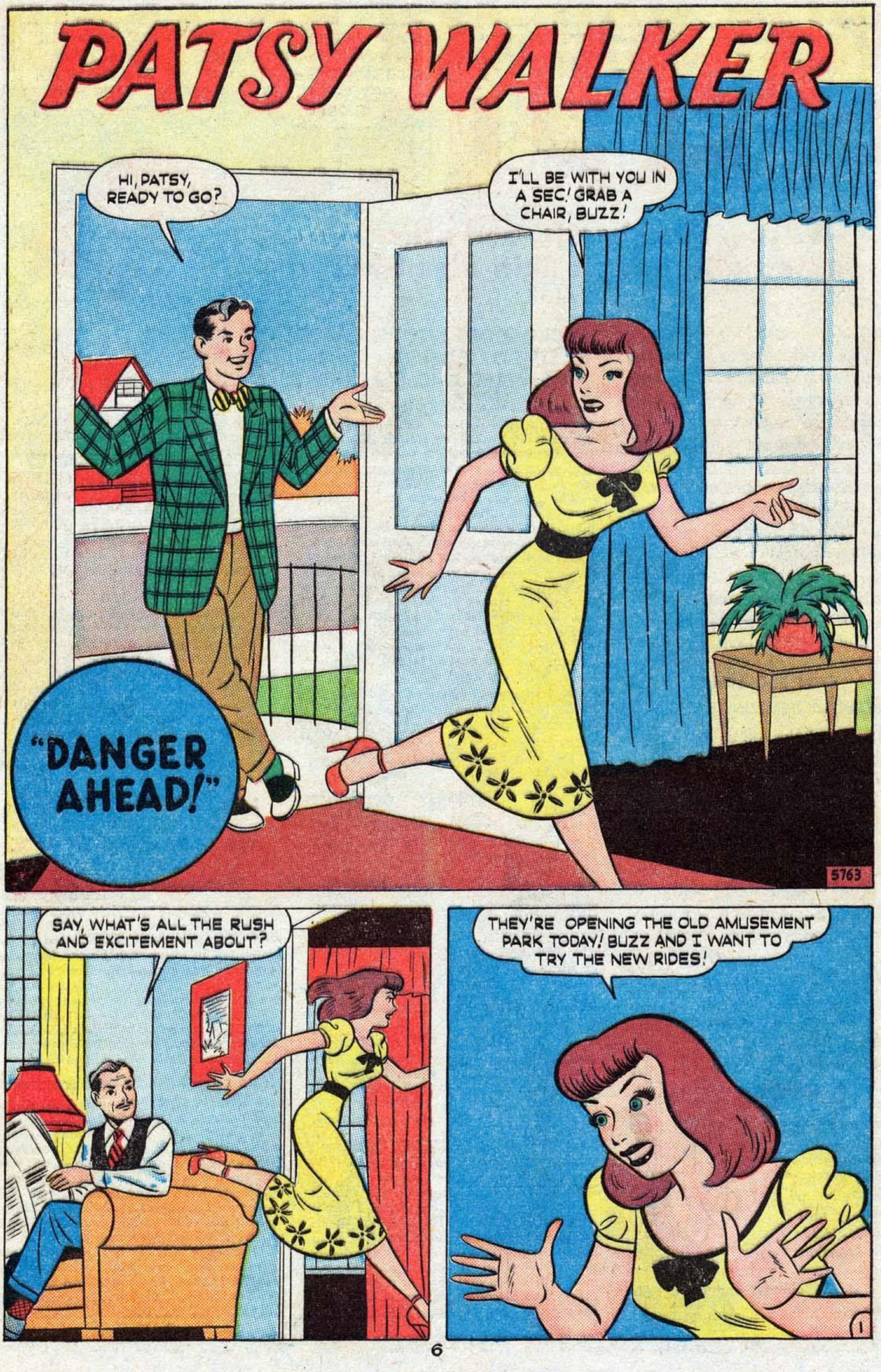
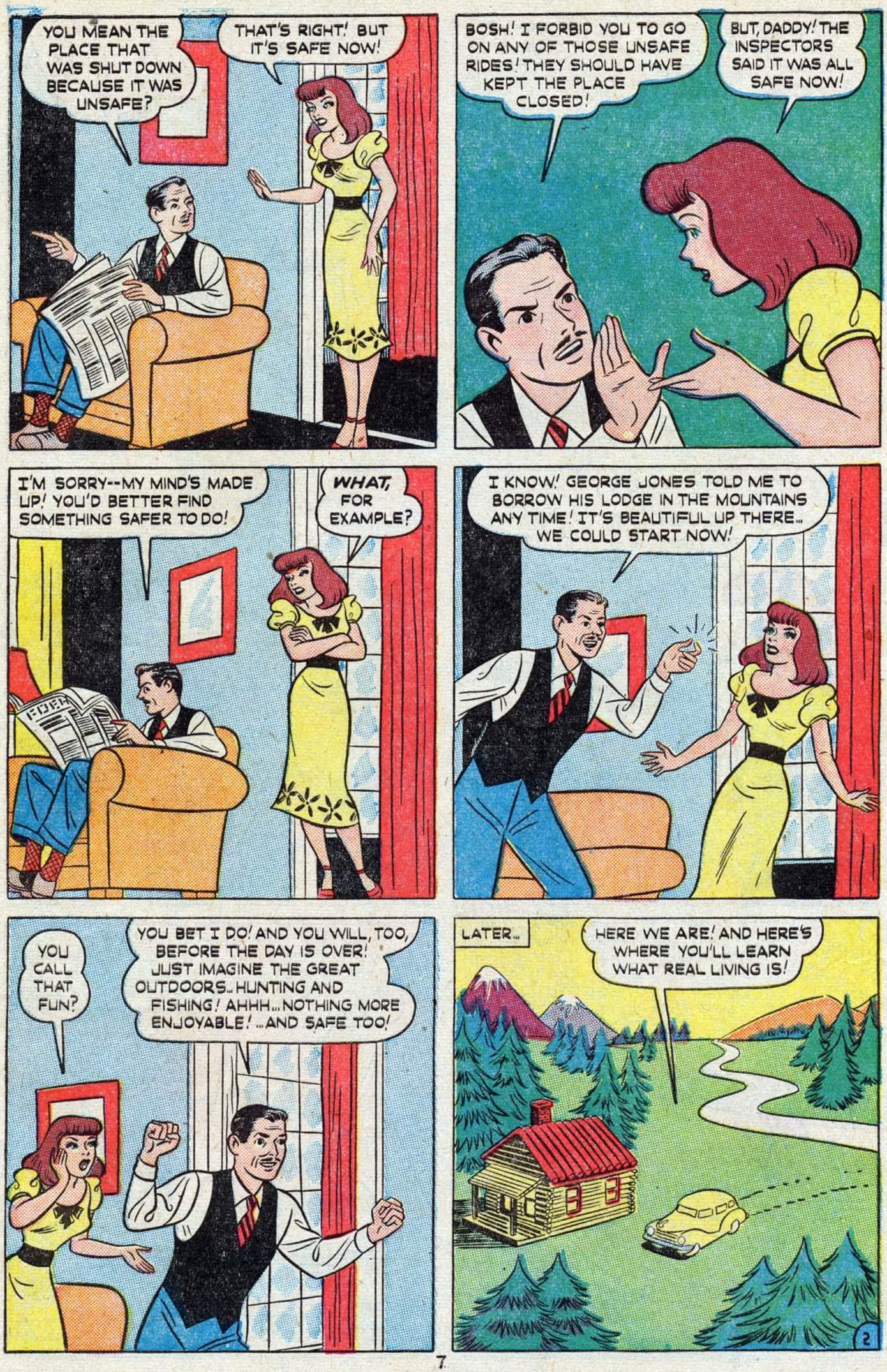
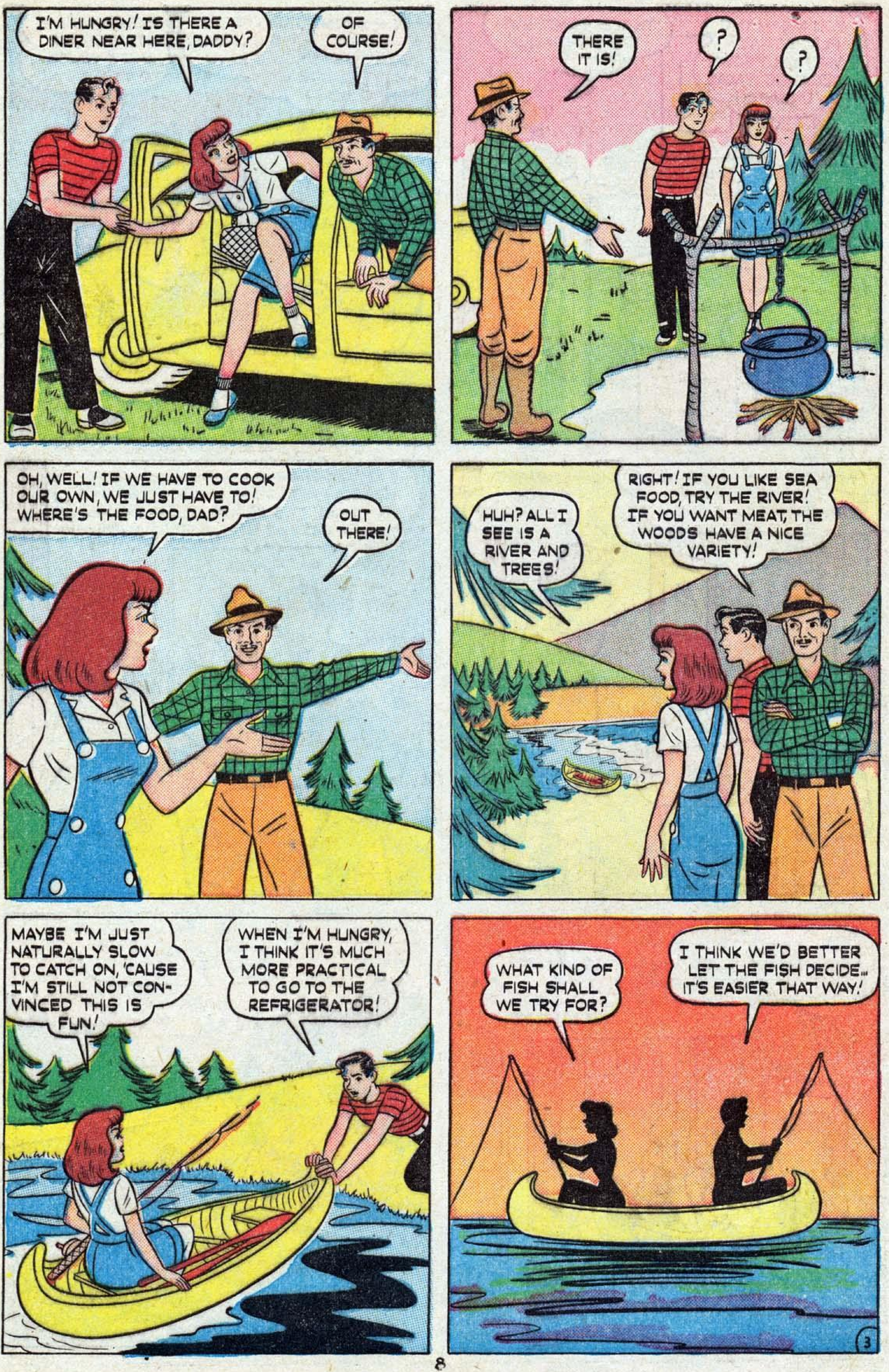
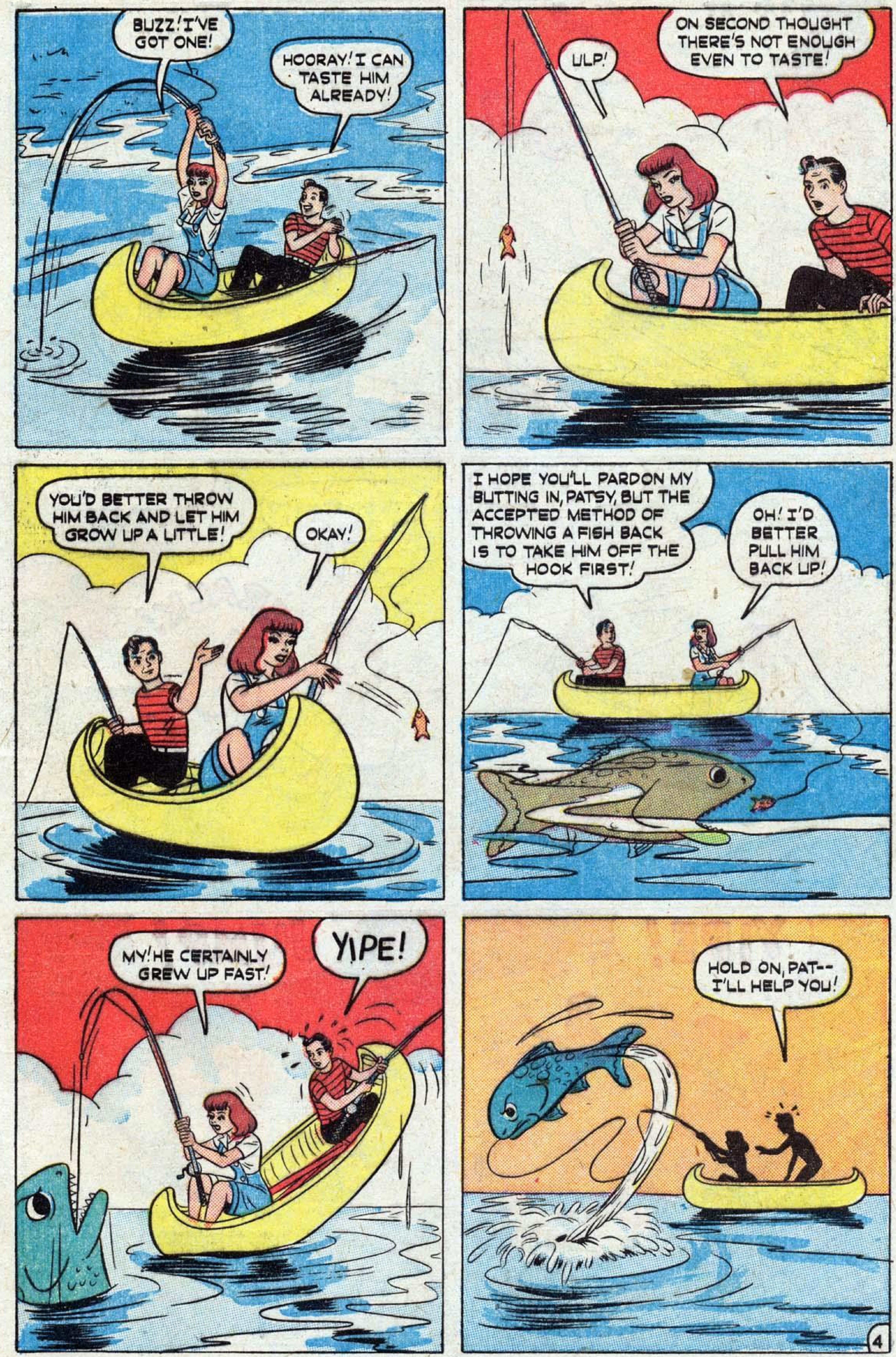
We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at *our risk*. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain ... *and we take all the risk!*

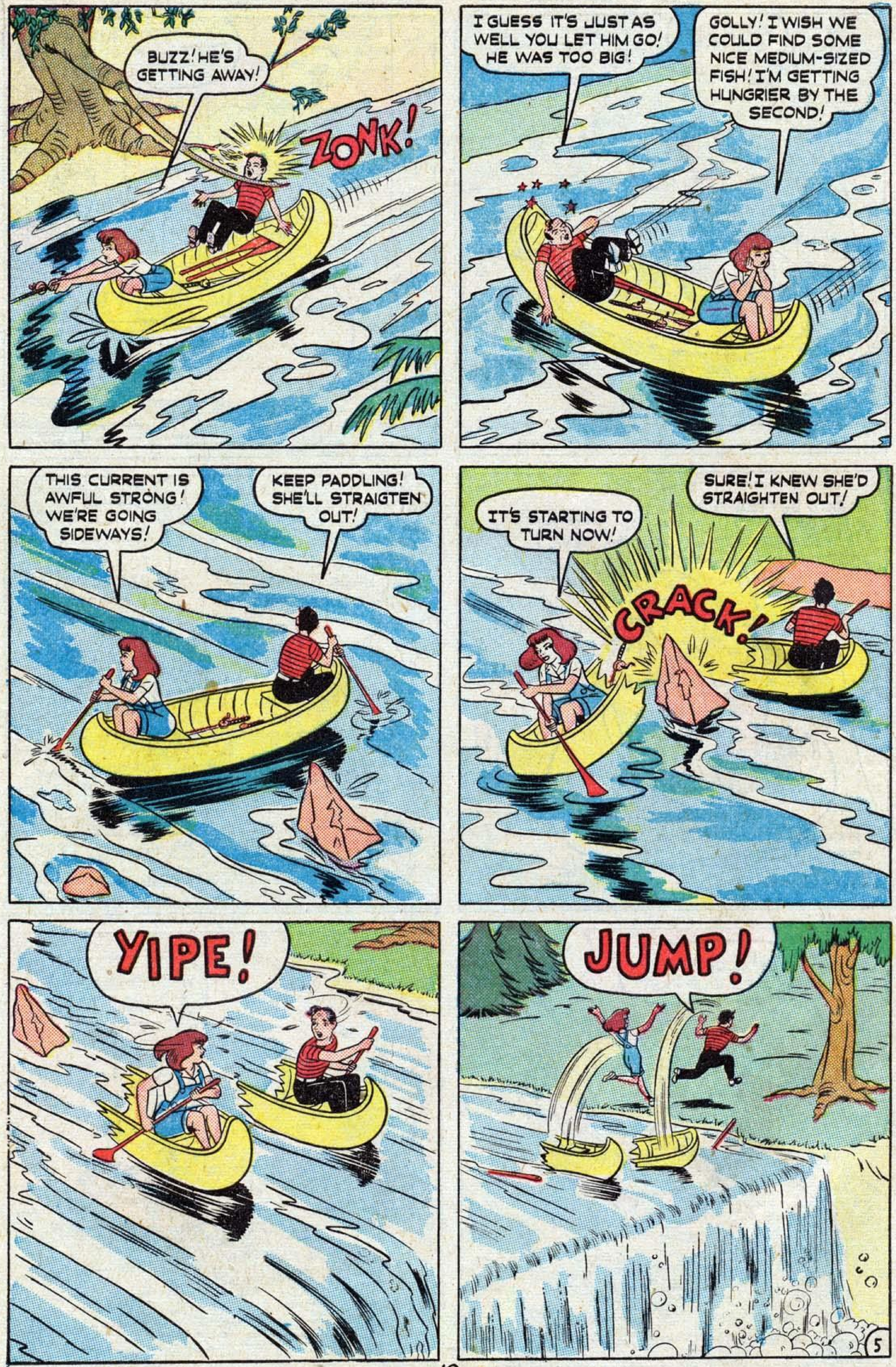
How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. MA 4257 Katonah Avenue, New York 66, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only $1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send $2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature ... *at once!* Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

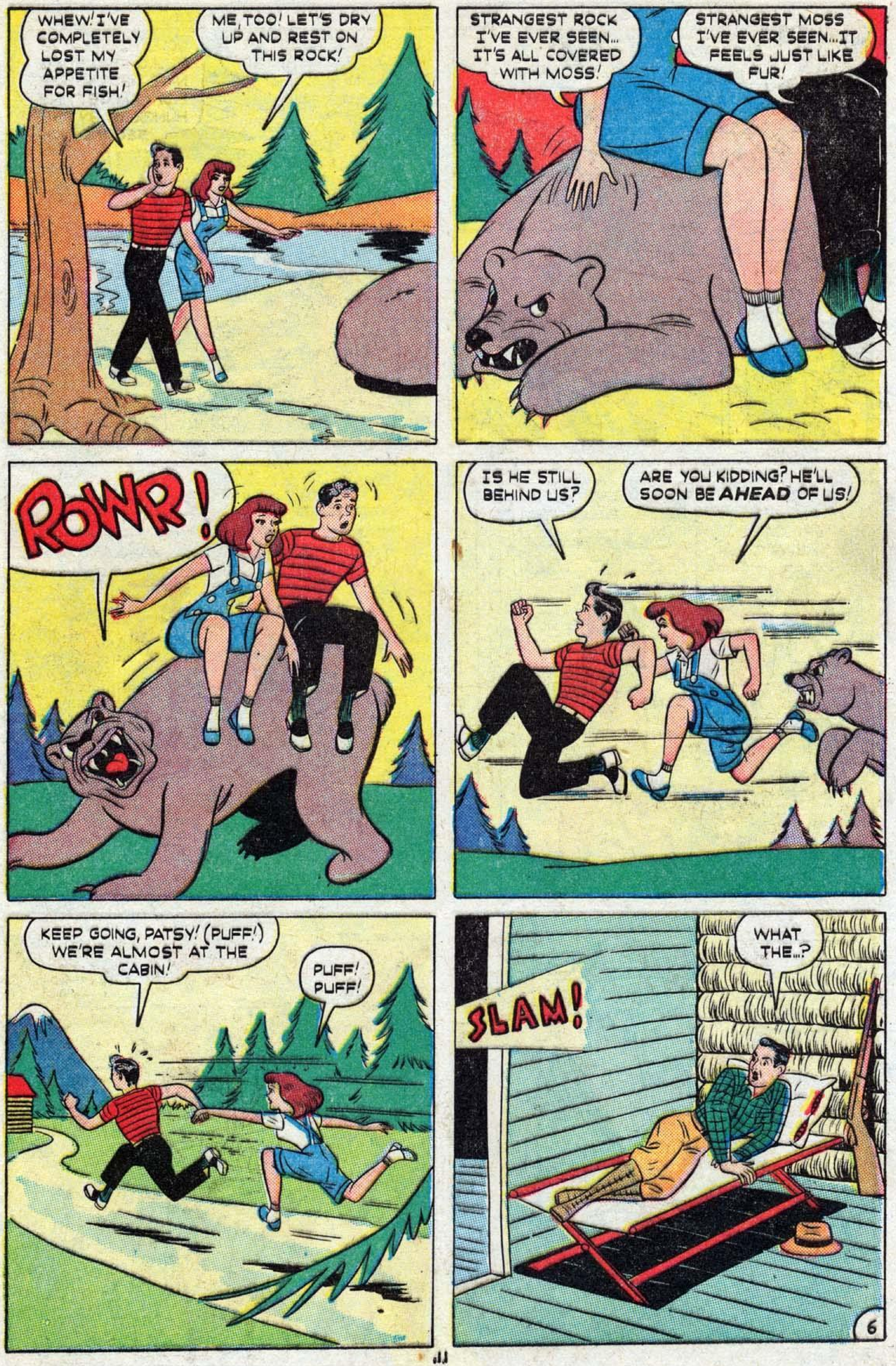

PATSY WALKER
HI, PATSY, READY TO GO?
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SEC! GRAB A CHAIR, BUZZ!
"DANGER AHEAD!"
5763
SAY, WHAT'S ALL THE RUSH AND EXCITEMENT ABOUT?
THEY'RE OPENING THE OLD AMUSEMENT PARK TODAY! BUZZ AND I WANT TO TRY THE NEW RIDES!
1

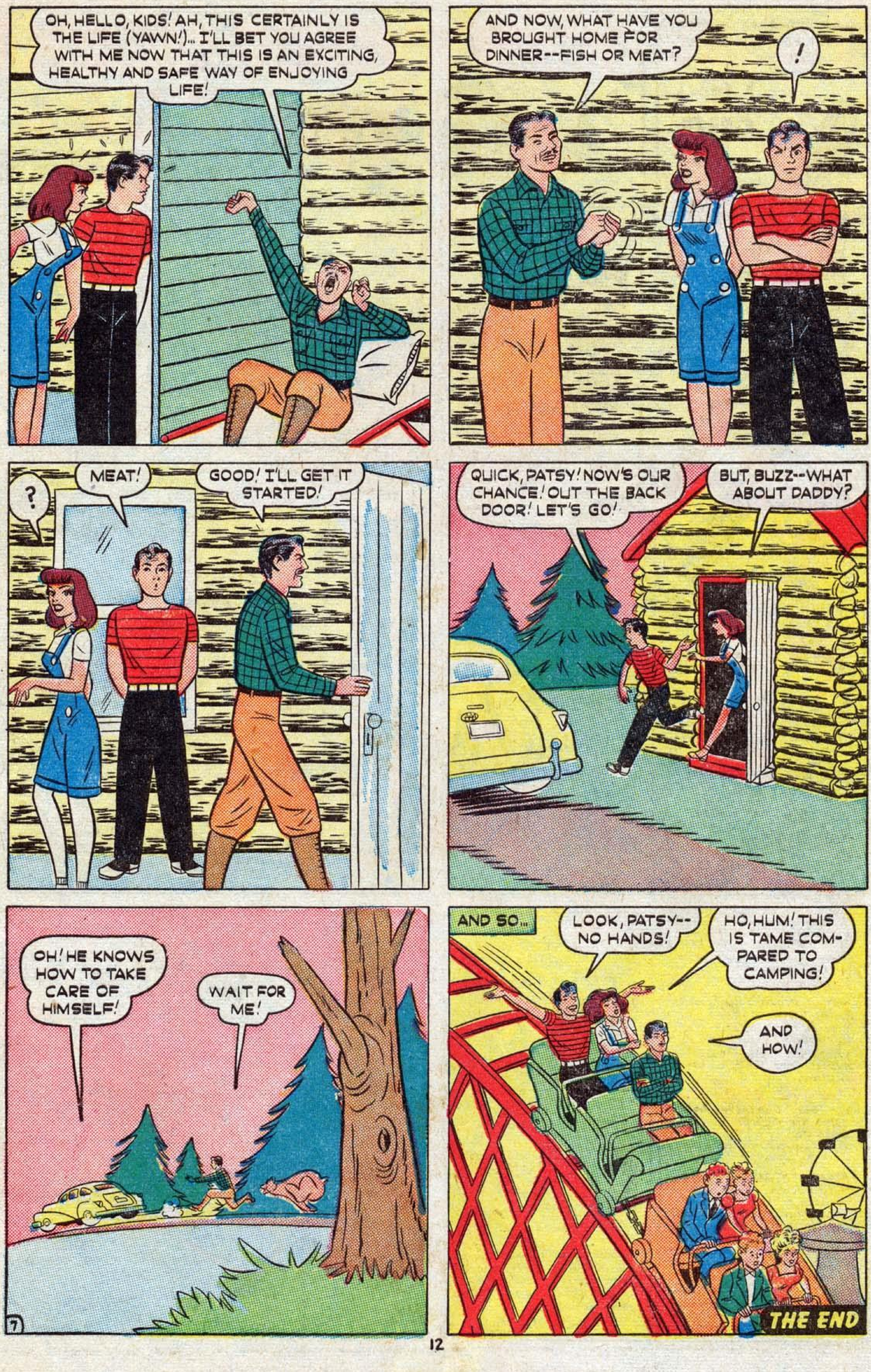

YOU MEAN THE PLACE THAT WAS SHUT DOWN BECAUSE IT WAS UNSAFE?
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT IT'S SAFE NOW!
BOSH! I FORBID YOU TO GO ON ANY OF THOSE UNSAFE RIDES! THEY SHOULD HAVE KEPT THE PLACE CLOSED!
BUT, DADDY! THE INSPECTORS SAID IT WAS ALL SAFE NOW!
I'M SORRY--MY MIND'S MADE UP! YOU'D BETTER FIND SOMETHING SAFER TO DO!
WHAT, FOR EXAMPLE?
I KNOW! GEORGE JONES TOLD ME TO BORROW HIS LODGE IN THE MOUNTAINS ANY TIME! IT'S BEAUTIFUL UP THERE... WE COULD START NOW!
YOU CALL THAT FUN?
YOU BET I DO! AND YOU WILL, TOO, BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER! JUST IMAGINE THE GREAT OUTDOORS.. HUNTING AND FISHING! AHHH... NOTHING MORE ENJOYABLE! ...AND SAFE TOO!
LATER...
HERE WE ARE! AND HERE'S WHERE YOU'LL LEARN WHAT REAL LIVING IS!
2


I'M HUNGRY! IS THERE A DINER NEAR HERE, DADDY?
OF COURSE!
THERE IT IS!
?
?
OH, WELL! IF WE HAVE TO COOK OUR OWN, WE JUST HAVE TO! WHERE'S THE FOOD, DAD?
OUT THERE!
HUH? ALL I SEE IS A RIVER AND TREES!
RIGHT! IF YOU LIKE SEA FOOD, TRY THE RIVER! IF YOU WANT MEAT, THE WOODS HAVE A NICE VARIETY!
MAYBE I'M JUST NATURALLY SLOW TO CATCH ON, 'CAUSE I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED THIS IS FUN!
WHEN I'M HUNGRY, I THINK IT'S MUCH MORE PRACTICAL TO GO TO THE REFRIGERATOR!
WHAT KIND OF FISH SHALL WE TRY FOR?
I THINK WE'D BETTER LET THE FISH DECIDE... IT'S EASIER THAT WAY!
3


BUZZ! I'VE GOT ONE!
HOORAY! I CAN TASTE HIM ALREADY!
ULP!
ON SECOND THOUGHT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH EVEN TO TASTE!
YOU'D BETTER THROW HIM BACK AND LET HIM GROW UP A LITTLE!
OKAY!
I HOPE YOU'LL PARDON MY BUTTING IN, PATSY, BUT THE ACCEPTED METHOD OF THROWING A FISH BACK IS TO TAKE HIM OFF THE HOOK FIRST!
OH! I'D BETTER PULL HIM BACK UP!
MY! HE CERTAINLY GREW UP FAST!
YIPE!
HOLD ON, PAT-- I'LL HELP YOU!
4


BUZZ! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
ZONK!
I GUESS IT'S JUST AS WELL YOU LET HIM GO! HE WAS TOO BIG!
GOLLY! I WISH WE COULD FIND SOME NICE MEDIUM-SIZED FISH! I'M GETTING HUNGRIER BY THE SECOND!
THIS CURRENT IS AWFUL STRONG! WE'RE GOING SIDEWAYS!
KEEP PADDLING! SHE'LL STRAIGTEN OUT!
IT'S STARTING TO TURN NOW!
SURE! I KNEW SHE'D STRAIGHTEN OUT!
CRACK!
YIPE!
JUMP!
5


WHEW! I'VE COMPLETELY LOST MY APPETITE FOR FISH!
ME, TOO! LET'S DRY UP AND REST ON THIS ROCK!
STRANGEST ROCK I'VE EVER SEEN... IT'S ALL COVERED WITH MOSS!
STRANGEST MOSS I'VE EVER SEEN... IT FEELS JUST LIKE FUR!
ROWR!
IS HE STILL BEHIND US?
ARE YOU KIDDING? HE'LL SOON BE **AHEAD** OF US!
KEEP GOING, PATSY! (PUFF!) WE'RE ALMOST AT THE CABIN!
PUFF! PUFF!
SLAM!
WHAT THE...?


OH, HELLO, KIDS! AH, THIS CERTAINLY IS THE LIFE (YAWN!)... I'LL BET YOU AGREE WITH ME NOW THAT THIS IS AN EXCITING, HEALTHY AND SAFE WAY OF ENJOYING LIFE!
AND NOW, WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT HOME FOR DINNER--FISH OR MEAT?
!
?
MEAT!
GOOD! I'LL GET IT STARTED!
QUICK, PATSY! NOW'S OUR CHANCE! OUT THE BACK DOOR! LET'S GO!
BUT, BUZZ--WHAT ABOUT DADDY?
OH! HE KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
WAIT FOR ME!
7
AND SO...
LOOK, PATSY--NO HANDS!
HO, HUM! THIS IS TAME COMPARED TO CAMPING!
AND HOW!
THE END

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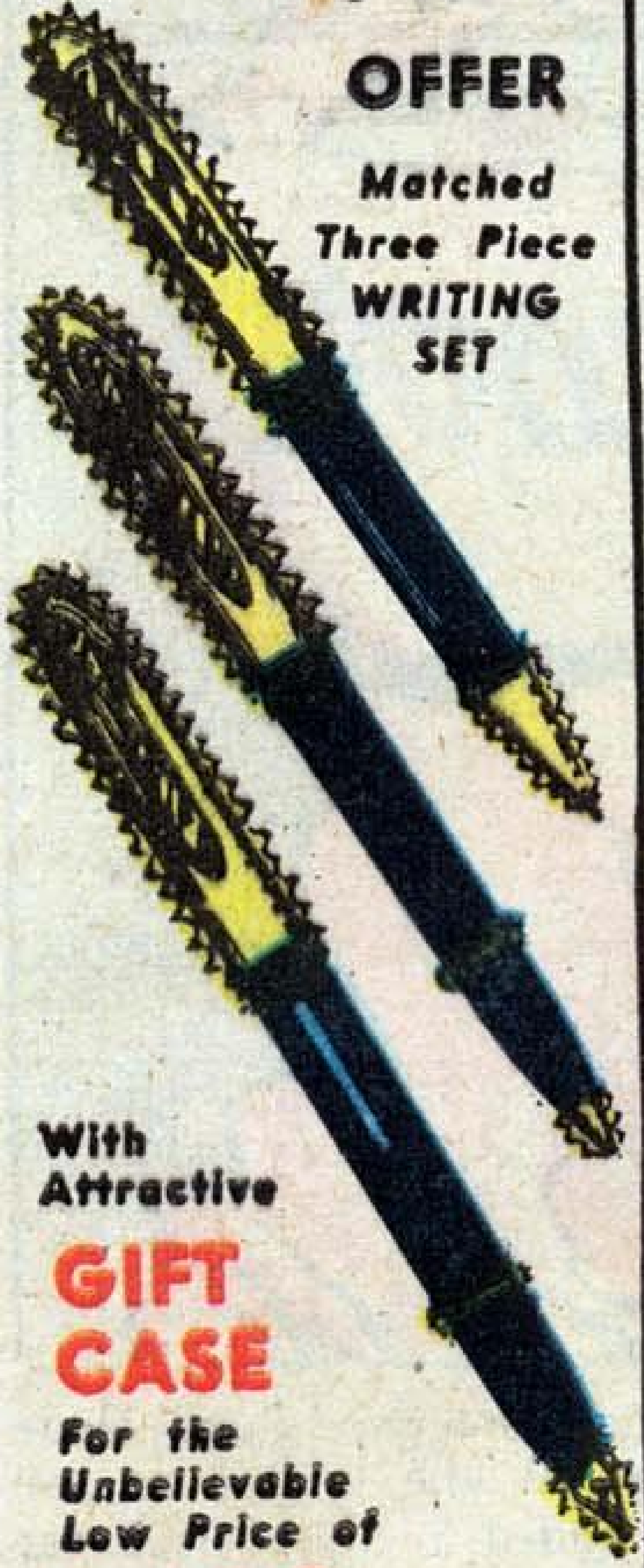

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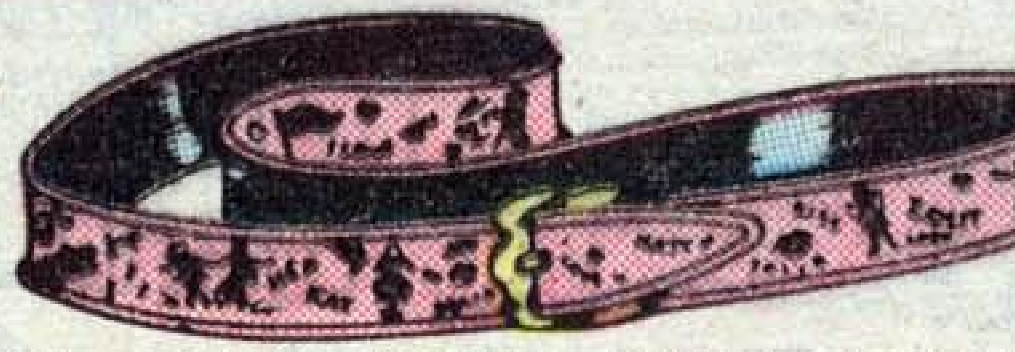

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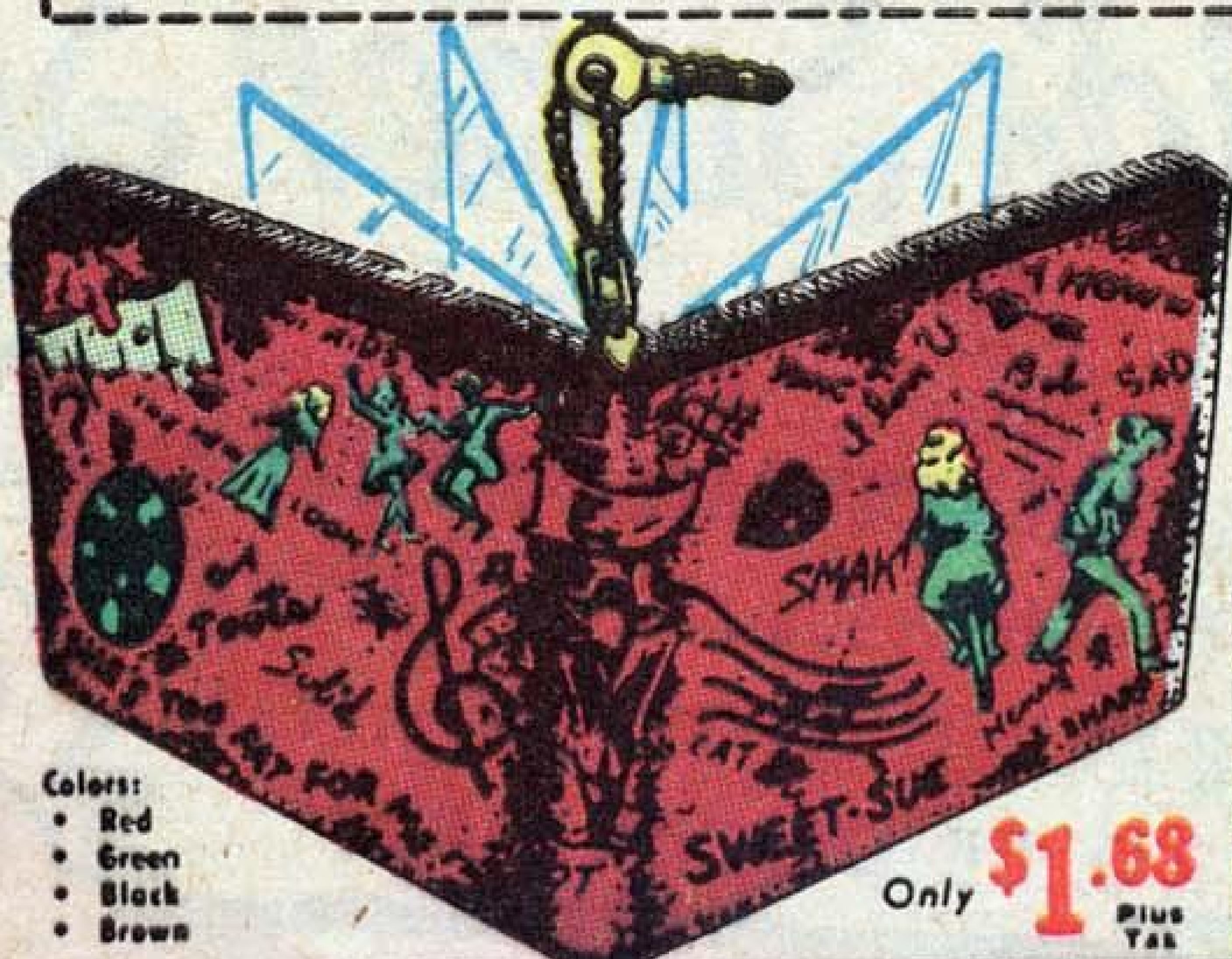

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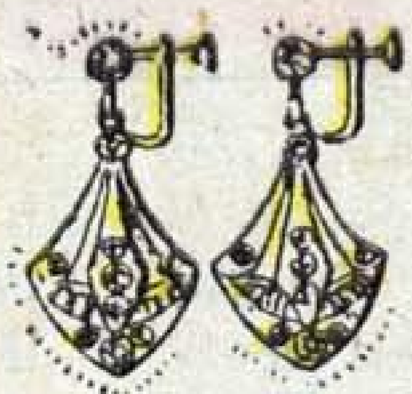

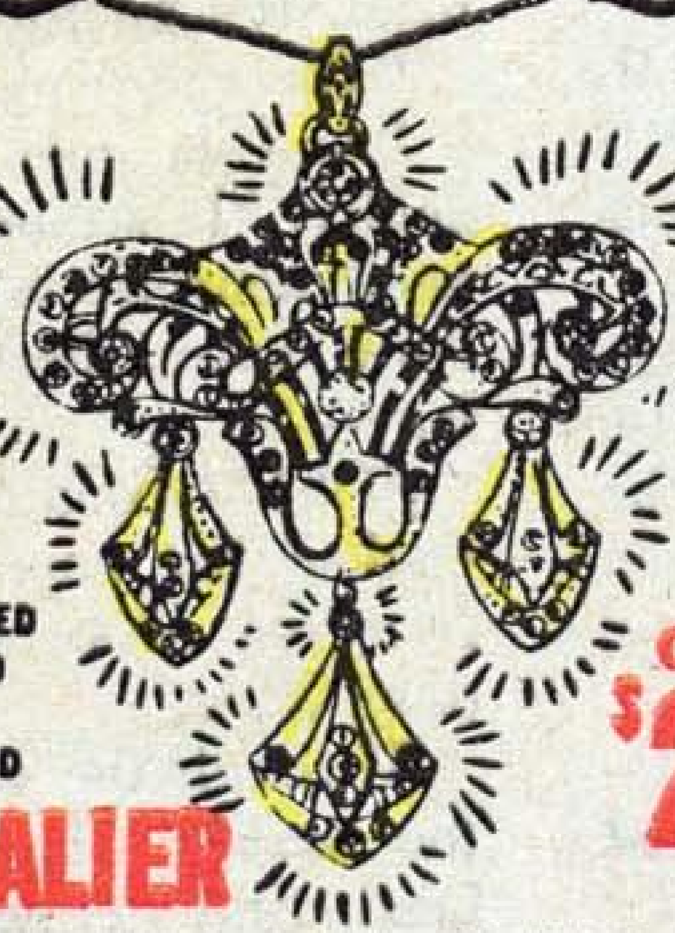

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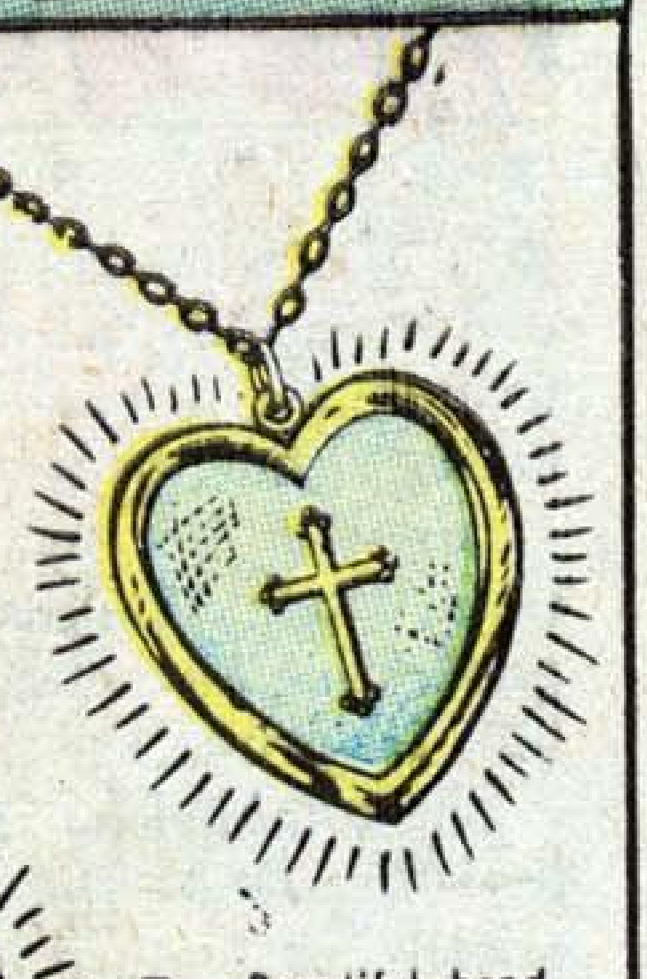

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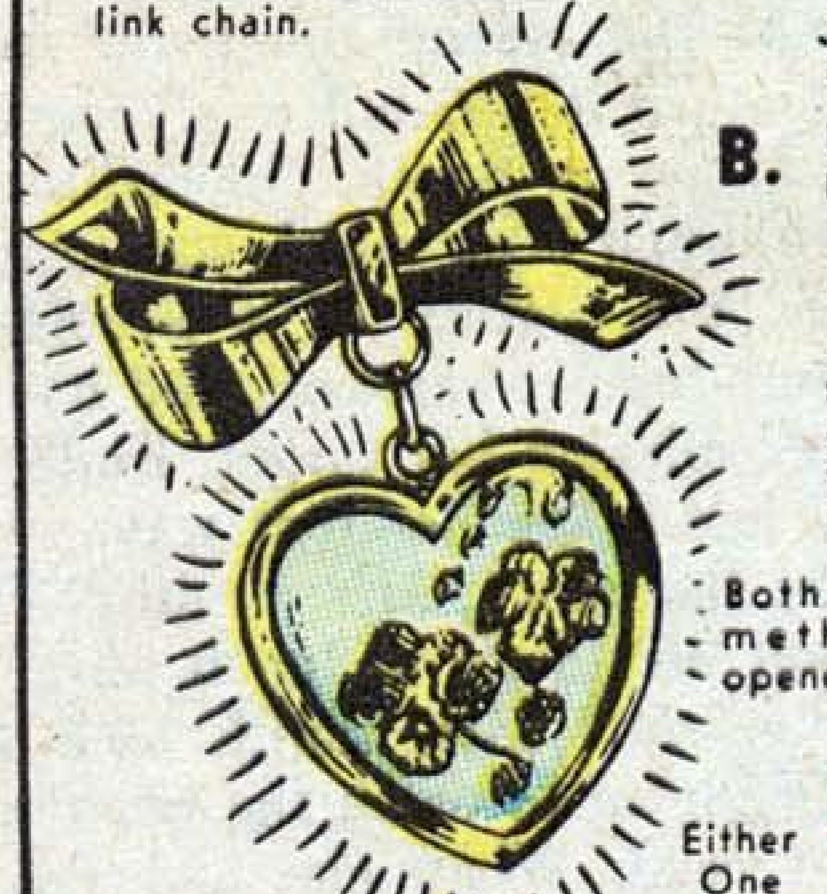

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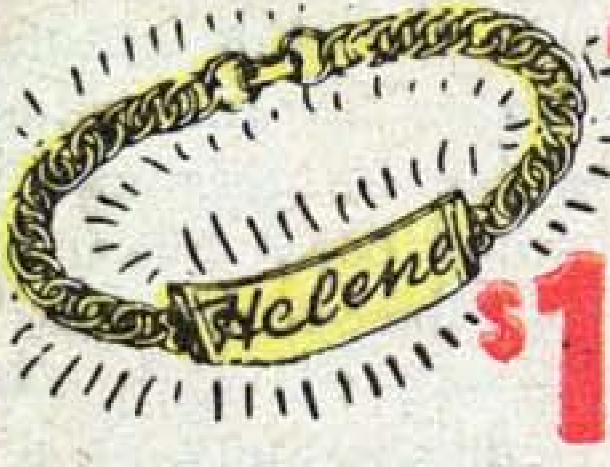

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THERE'S EXCITEMENT IN THE AIR TONIGHT... AND THERE'S A SIZZLING STORY WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED!

PICK-PECK. Pick-peck. Pick-peck. Period. 30. "My, what hot copy," murmured Dode Shannon scornfully, as she read the club story she had written for tomorrow's *Blade*. "It could easily take a byline, by a snowman."

Not that her technique wasn't adequate. Modestly, Dode admitted that the writing was rather good. But any club story was almost too bloodless to print, she believed.

She tumbled her short buttercup hair with restless fingers as she reread the item. An impulse seized her to tear it up, but a glance across the desk at Mrs. Zenobia Smith, club editor, changed her mind. Although Mrs. Smith was nearing sixty, she possessed the dignity of a Flying Fortress, carried a bomb-load of sarcasm, and had a reputation for never missing her target. Dode wondered if club copy had made her that way.

"Here's my last story, Mrs. Smith," Dode said. "Do you want me to go to lunch now?"

"Just a moment." Mrs. Smith took the story, tilted back her head to catch the print within her bifocals, and read. When she had finished, she crooked a finger at Dode. "Come here dear."

Dode walked dutifully around the desk and looked over Mrs. Smith's shoulder.

"First of all, dear," said Mrs. Smith succinctly, "I told you not to put an apostrophe in Childrens. It's named the Childrens Home—WITHOUT an apostrophe."

"Yes, Mrs. Smith," said Dode meekly.

"And another thing," continued Mrs. Smith, "you've written the date here. Now, I've told you before, when the date falls within the coming week, we use the day—Monday, Tuesday, or whatever it is. Forget your deathless prose, dear, and stick to the rules."

Mad as a hornet that doesn't dare buzz, Dode fixed up the ailing story. As she bent over her typewriter, Mrs. Smith added tartly, "And get that notion about dramatic criticism out of your head. It's no job for a girl."

"There's inspiration in it," flared Dode.

"And Thomas Brownlane," replied Mrs. Smith acidly. "It seems that there is a type of middle-aged neurotic who appeals to very young girls. Now, when there's a nice boy like Hank Galloway—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Dode in desperation. She yanked her paper out of the machine, threw the story on Mrs. Smith's desk and bolted out the door . . .

Through the window of the lunchroom around the corner, Dode saw a familiar short-cropped head. She stepped inside, slid onto a stool next to Hank Galloway, and greeted him.

"Hi, Caesar of the City Room."

"Hi, Napoleon of the Sticks," Hank replied.

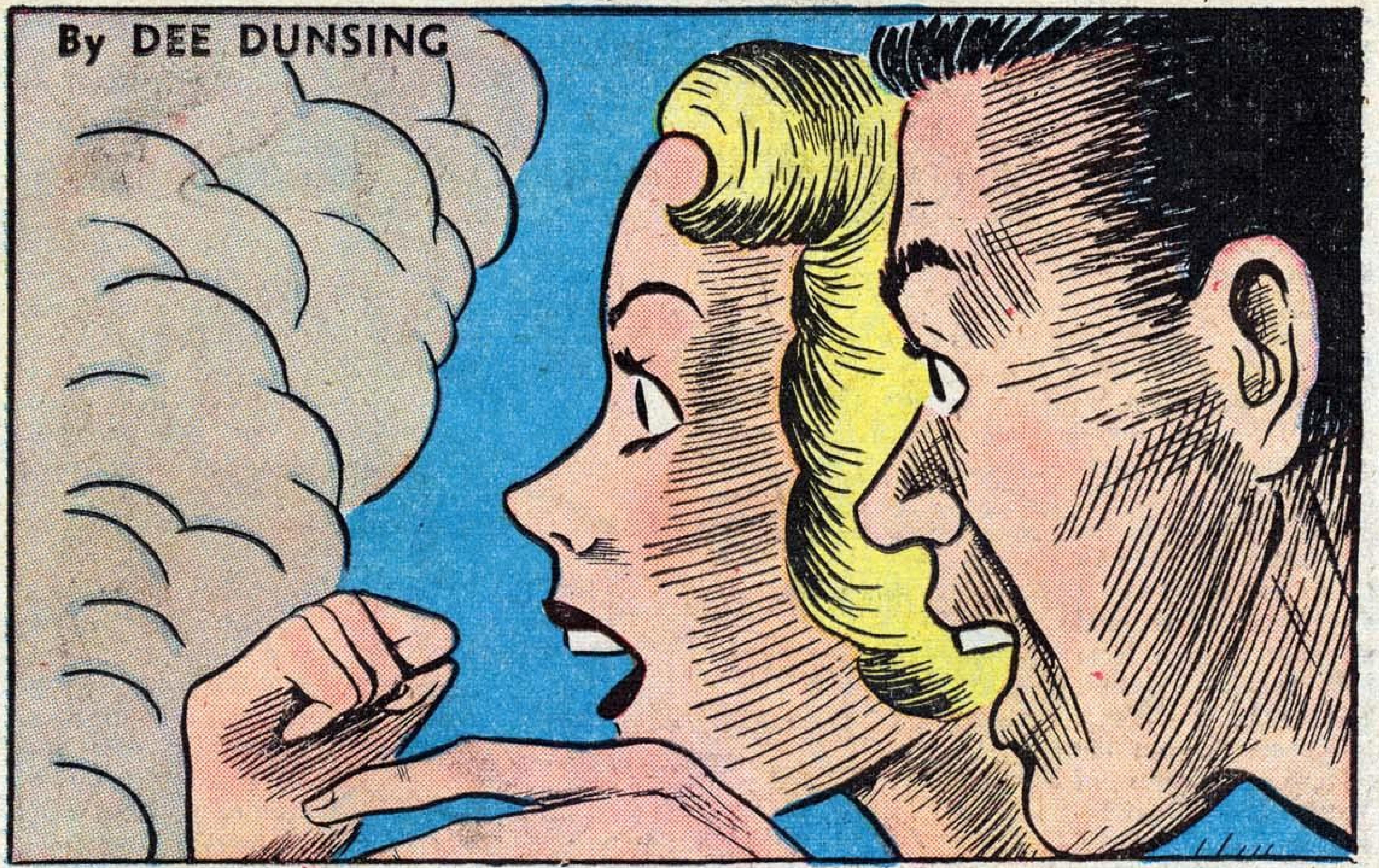
These were silly names they had used when they both were copy kids, because *nobody*, they thought, could feel as low and unimportant as a copy kid who is bursting with ambition and smothered with menial tasks. Now Dode was assistant to the club editor, but Hank was still stuck in his weary rut—running copy and proofs, getting hamburgers and cartons of coffee for the city and copy desks, fulfilling almost every duty except the scrubwoman's.

"How's the club desk today?" he asked.

Dode's smile sagged.

Hank stared at her. "You don't *like* it?"

"Would you like to be insipid from morning till night? Would you like saying practically the same thing in every story? Would you like every



By DEE DUNSING

story to be two inches long?" she demanded. "Hank, I'm being clubbed to death."

Hank didn't laugh at her pun. He was too incredulous.

Dode continued in a mincing falsetto, "Mrs. Teacozy entertained the executive board of the Gab and Giggle Club at luncheon today in her home. Plans were made for a benefit ball which will aid starving sparrows in Iceland. Now, Hank," she said in her normal voice, "would you like to write that sort of stuff all day long? Would you, honestly?"

Still Hank didn't laugh. "I'm danged," he said under his breath.

"About what?"

He looked at her and laughed wryly. "Well, Dode, there's one thing you shouldn't forget. You're writing for the paper. No matter what your story's about, it's getting into print."

"Well, yes," she admitted.

"Look at me—the same old grind. Remember how we used to say we wished the City Hall would burn down when we were going past it so we could get a break? Well, you've got a break and you're groaning."

"Oh, of course I wouldn't want to run copy again," said Dode hastily.

"You sure wouldn't!"

"But you wouldn't want to be writing club copy either, Hank."

"I'd give my sixth toe to be writing the weather report, or even a two-line filler," Hank muttered.

He looked so disconsolate that Dode patted him on his blue corduroy shoulder. "Cheer up, Caesar. You'll be crossing the Rubicon some day. Then you can send your copy by cable."

"Cable!" He laughed derisively.

"You're the best copy kid they've ever had everybody says so."

"I don't spill much coffee."

"That isn't what they mean."

"I think it is."

Dode took a deep breath. "Think of me, Hank, facing a lifetime of two-inch club stories. At least you have your dreams!"

"Dreams get dim sometimes," said Hank.

Dode had a filing chore to do in the drama department after lunch. She was buried in a job of sorting publicity photographs when Tom Brownlane, drama critic, breezed in.

"Hi, Golden Girl," he exclaimed at sight of Dode.

Dode blushed. It was his pet name for her, probably taken from something by Shakespeare, she thought. "Howdy, Tom," she said shyly.

"Thought you were a clubwoman these days."

"Spare me."

"Don't like it, hey?" Tom said, absently smoothing what was left of his brown hair. He sat down at his desk and whirled a piece of copy paper into his typewriter. "I suppose you're still mooning over the joys of being on the drama desk."

"Still am."

"You're full of filberts."

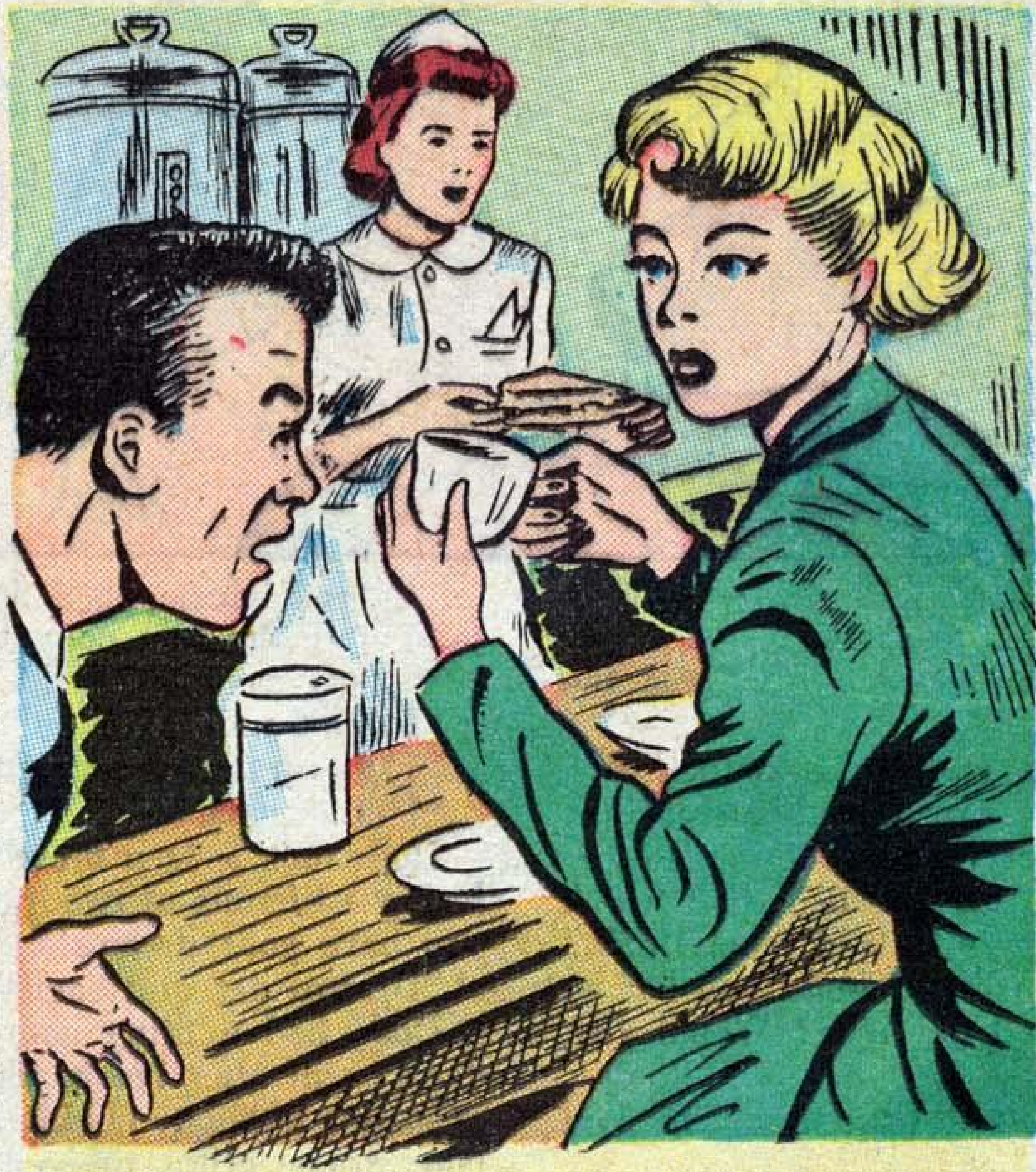
Dode watched him out of the corner of her eye. Could it be that she was interested in Tom Brownlane instead of drama, as Mrs. Smith had implied? There was something terribly attractive about him, Dode thought, but she didn't know exactly what it was. The patina of experience, maybe, plus brains and personal charm. She could see nothing neurotic about him and credited Mrs. Smith's remarks to her sharp tongue.

"Sometime, Tom," she said, trembling at her own courage, "will you let me go to one of the openings with you? I know you get two tickets when there's an opening. Could I just sit in the other seat?"

Tom didn't answer for a moment. He pursed his lips and finished typing a sentence. At last he looked up with his most disarming smile.

"Again, Golden Girl, I say you're full of filberts."

"Please, Tom. I wouldn't be any trouble to you." Dode was horrified at her own brashness.



Hank's voice was brusque with tension. "If Tom's sick, we—I mean you—cover the story!"

"Prunes, too," was all he said . . .

Dode dropped the big stack of history books on her bed. It was eight o'clock, and she had just come from her evening classes. She found it difficult to concentrate on the underlying causes of World War One because of the underlying causes of the conflicts in her own life.

Tom's snub had hurt her more than she would admit. He had always made a great fuss over her in the office, tweaking her hair, noticing her new dresses, kidding her endlessly . . . He had made her feel that she was the one girl in his life. She couldn't understand why he didn't want to take her to an opening.

She could only decide, unhappily, that he didn't want to. Somewhere along the line she lacked what Thomas Brownlane sought in a theater companion.

Dode didn't dare probe any deeper. It was a fresh and sensitive wound.

The phone rang. Dode's heart gave a hopeful leap. For a split second she thought it might be Tom, dialing her to see if she was ready. It was almost show time at the Strand! Could he have been letting her dangle just for the suspense of it . . . or would the sophisticated critic be that melodramatic?

But it was Hank's voice, brusque with excitement. "Dode! Hang onto the chair while I tell you the news!"

"News? What's happened?"

"Tom Brownlane hasn't showed up at the Strand. He doesn't answer the phone, and the boss is sending me to pick him up. If he's sick, or if he isn't there, we—I mean you—cover the story!"

Dode's stomach dropped a foot, and her heart began to pound. "I cover—you mean the boss said I should cover the story?"

"Pick you up in ten minutes!" was Hank's only reply.

The tailored dress Dode had on wasn't what she would have chosen for the Strand, but with pearl earrings and high heels it didn't look bad. She drew on a smooth little shortie coat and was at the door when Hank drove up in the office car.

Hank was silent as he pulled skilfully away from the curb. He looked very masculine behind the wheel, Dode thought, and his profile was better than she had realized.

As they sped toward Tom's apartment, Dode said anxiously, "Hank, you didn't answer my question on the telephone. Did the boss say *I* should cover the opening if Tom can't get there?"

Hank was slow to answer. "I can't tell you a lie," he said at last. "The boss just said, 'Get the story.' So if I can't get it, you have to."

"And why can't you get it?"

"Because it's not in my line. I wouldn't know an actor from an old piece of ham."

"You're lying. You go to lots of movies," Dode insisted.

"Sure I do. I dote on 'em. I know who wrote 'em. I know who wrote the books they're made from. I know who published the authors who wrote the books. But when it comes to the actors, I'm a blank."

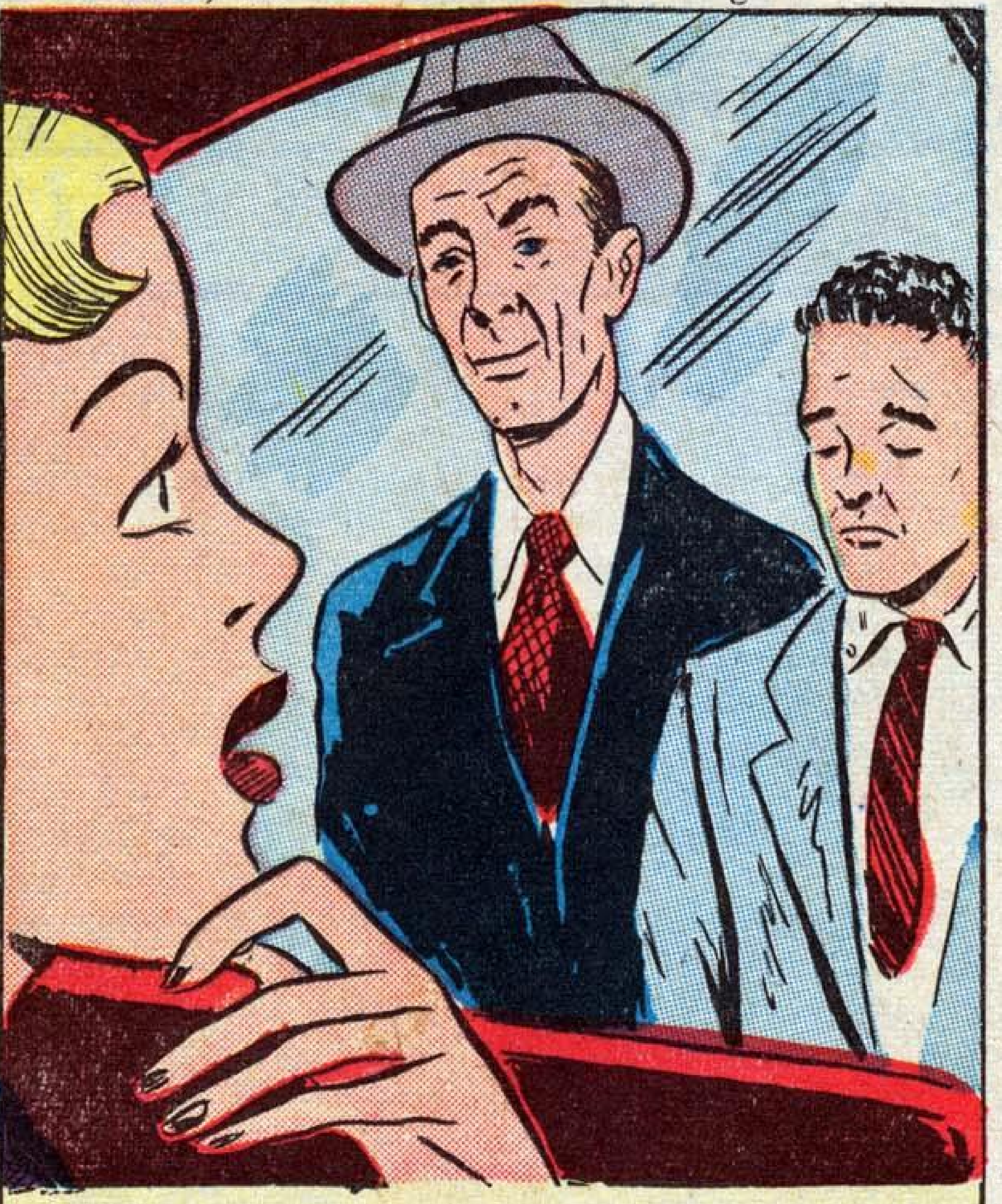
Dode snuggled down in the seat. A chill of happiness rippled through her. She had just discovered that although she liked Tom Brownlane, she liked a good story better. She found herself hoping that the drama critic suffered horribly from some harmless ailment that would keep him at home all evening—something quickly dispelled, but momentarily incapacitating.

The car slid to a stop and Hank got out. "I'm keeping my fingers crossed for you," he said, as he walked toward the door of Tom's apartment.

Dode waited, nervously pressing her right thumbnail into the center of her index finger. She wasn't sure what the opening at the Strand was to be, except that it was heavy drama. Now that a job of criticism loomed before her, she was frightened. Suppose she said in her review that this play was a lemon—and it turned out to be a hit? Her heart jellied at the thought. Or what if some unknown player turned in a stellar performance—and she failed to recognize it?

Then Dode squared her shoulders and took herself to task. Of course she knew good theater when she saw it. For years she had been a galleryite at the best plays, and if this were a good play, she would know it instantly. Her thumbnail stopped stabbing into her finger, and she sat back, relaxed and confident.

A door banged. Dode looked toward the apartment. Stiff with astonishment, she watched two men come toward the car. Hank looked sheepish, but Tom Brownlane was chipper and blithe as always. He didn't seem to be sick, not even a little bit. As he came closer, Dode saw that his cheeks were pink and freshly shaven. He was going to the Strand. There was no doubt about it . . . Tom was going to cover the opening.



Stiff with astonishment, Dode watched two men come toward the car.

Dode smiled, trying desperately to hide her shock. "Hello, first-nighter," she said crisply.

"Hello there, young one," replied Tom. "Pleasant to have taxi service like this," he remarked lightly as he climbed into the car.

Hank muttered an explanation to Dode. "Tom never gets to the openings on time, he tells me, and never answers the telephone when he's shaving."

"And the City Desk, basking in its own sense of superiority, always thinks the Drama Department is going to forget its deadline," added Thomas arrogantly.

Dode uttered a faint "*yes*," and there was silence all the way to the theater.

At the peacock blue door of the Strand, the car halted. Dode felt as though she was drowning in a sea of humiliation and embarrassment. This morning she had asked Tom to take her to this opening and had been rebuffed. Now here she was, tagging along, as if she were still trying to get into that "extra seat."

Would Tom ask her to come inside with him? And if he did, what would she say?

But Thomas Brownlane had no such charitable thought. "Thanks a million, kids," he said as he alighted. Then, he seemed to forget Dode and Hank entirely. He faced the entrance to the theater as if he expected photographers to be lying in wait, pulled his hat to a jaunty angle, and sauntered toward the ticket taker.

"No tip?" muttered Hank, his eyes blazing and his lips pressed into a tight line. He jerked the car into first and turned toward the boulevard. His profile was still handsome but savage with anger.

Suddenly Dode laughed. The hurt had disappeared all at once, like a barbed cloak that had been lifted off her shoulders. She wasn't a bit mad any more, but curiously light-hearted. And she no longer admired Thomas Brownlane. She didn't even like him.

"He's neurotic," she observed, pleased with her semiscientific word.

"I guess he's brilliant," said Hank, "but he certainly isn't regular."

"Regular as a jigsaw puzzle," snapped Dode.

Hank waited a long time before he spoke again. At last he said, "I'm sorry about this evening, Dode. It was dumb of me to call you out on this silly errand."

"Dumb?" said Dode, emphasizing the question. "It was wonderful of you, Hank. I'll never forget it."

For the first time since they had picked up Tom, Hank looked straight into Dode's eyes, and a grin lurked around his mouth. "Then you don't feel like the poor little match girl?"

She laughed gently. "No, Hank. It was a chance—a swell chance. It just didn't have a happy Hollywood ending, that's all. Hardly anything does, really."

They had turned off the boulevard and were coming toward the *Blade* building. Suddenly Dode clutched Hank's arm.

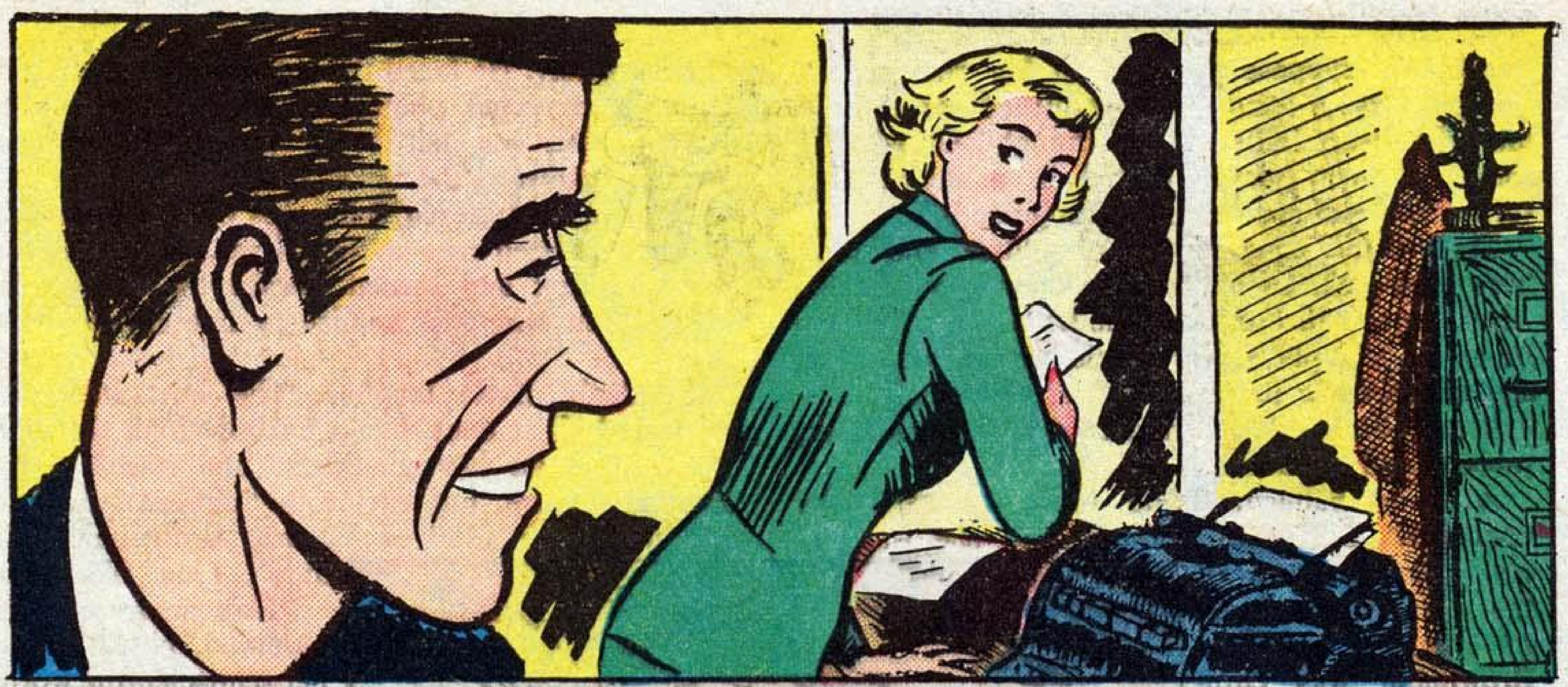
"Hank, look!"

He slowed the car down and followed her gaze with his eyes. There, atop the City Hall was a reddish flame, licking slowly at the sky. It looked unreal in the night, high above the street lights and the neon of the shops.

"Am I seeing things?" whispered Dode, her heart pounding.

"No, it's there." Hank's voice was thin and strained.

"The City Hall—of all places! After all the times we've wished . . . No, I can't believe it!"



"You're full of filberts, Golden Girl," Tom said, flashing his most disarming smile.

Hank drew up to the curb. For an instant, they watched the flames dance higher against the sky.

Suddenly Hank swung into action.

"Dode, we've got to do something! You turn in an alarm from one of these shops—that restaurant over there will have a phone. Then try to get into the City Hall Building so that firemen will have a clear way up when they come. You can get the story from the firemen. Phone it in, so it can make the midnight edition."

"What about you?" Dode asked.

"I'll have to go back to the office. They'll need the car."

"You mean you want me to cover the fire story? All alone?"

"Sure, and hurry up or the whole darn place will be frizzled to a crisp."

"I—" She hesitated. "You'll have to do it. I can't, Caesar."

"And why not?"

"I'm scared."

"You're not."

"Yes, I am. I'll take the car back. Hurry, Hank, or the place will be a torch!"

Hank took a long look at her, accepted her statement, and leaped out of the car. She watched him run toward a lighted restaurant. Then she slid into the driver's seat and put the car into first gear. Her hands were steady. She was cool as mint sherbet. Scared? She laughed quietly at the thought. For she would never be scared, she knew, when there was a hot newspaper story in the making.

Instead, Dode was filled with another emotion. She was happy, so happy that she could have cried . . . She'd been able to help Hank get a break . . .

Pick-peck. Pick-peck. Pick-peck. Period. 30..

Dode was finishing her club copy, but her mind was on Hank. Although the City Hall fire had been a minor one which started in some trash the workmen had left on the roof, it might have reduced the whole building to ashes—if it hadn't been spotted. Most important of all, Hank's story had made the front page of the midnight edition of the *Blade* and scooped the other papers.

Dode remembered last night, when the fire was over, and Hank's copy was on the night editor's desk. His eyes were luminous as blue-black ink and his shoulders were squared back like those of a champion. All because of the story . . . the story he had offered her first.

She didn't compare him to Thomas Brownlane, because Tom didn't even enter her thoughts.

Now neither she nor Hank were copy kids any more, for Hank was going to cover a police precinct once a week as a reward for his good work. They had taken the first step up the journalistic ladder.

Mrs. Smith broke into Dode's thoughts. "Your copy's very good today, dear."

"Thank you."

"By the way, Dode, I want you to start studying last year's convention stories. I think I'll send you to the state T.L.E.X convention, if your work holds up. They meet in St. Louis this year."

Convention! Dode's pulse spurted into a gallop. She'd be traveling out of town, staying at a hotel with the other correspondents, sending stories by wire!

"Th-thank you, Mrs. Smith," she stammered excitedly. "I'll study all of them. I'll *memorize* them if necessary!"

She rose and left the office, walking on air. In the lunchroom Hank was waiting for her. She slid onto the stool beside him.

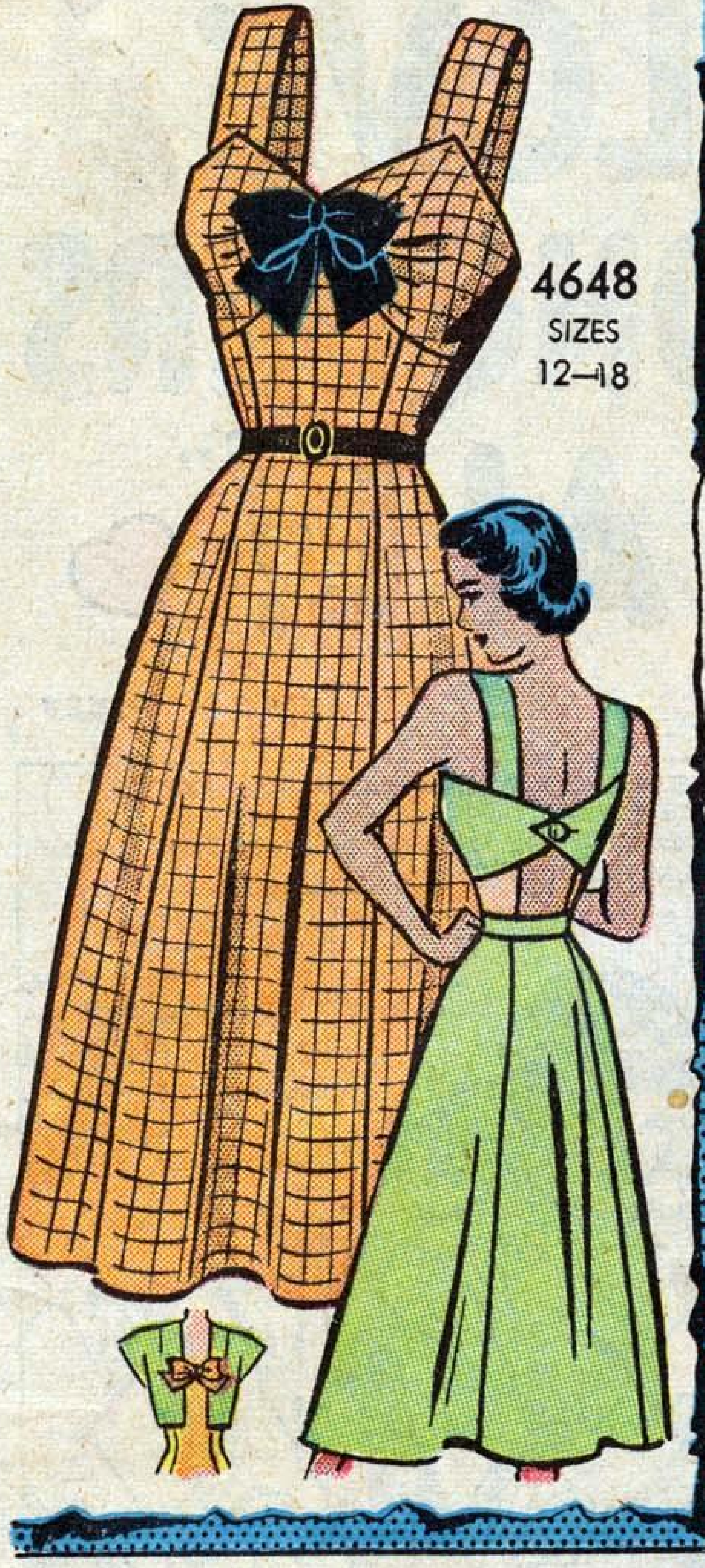
"Caesar!" she said breathlessly. "You may have crossed the Rubicon, but Napoleon's marching victoriously into—what was it?—Austerlitz?"

"Austerlitz?" said Hank, mystified.

"I mean St. Louis!" breathed Dode.

THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



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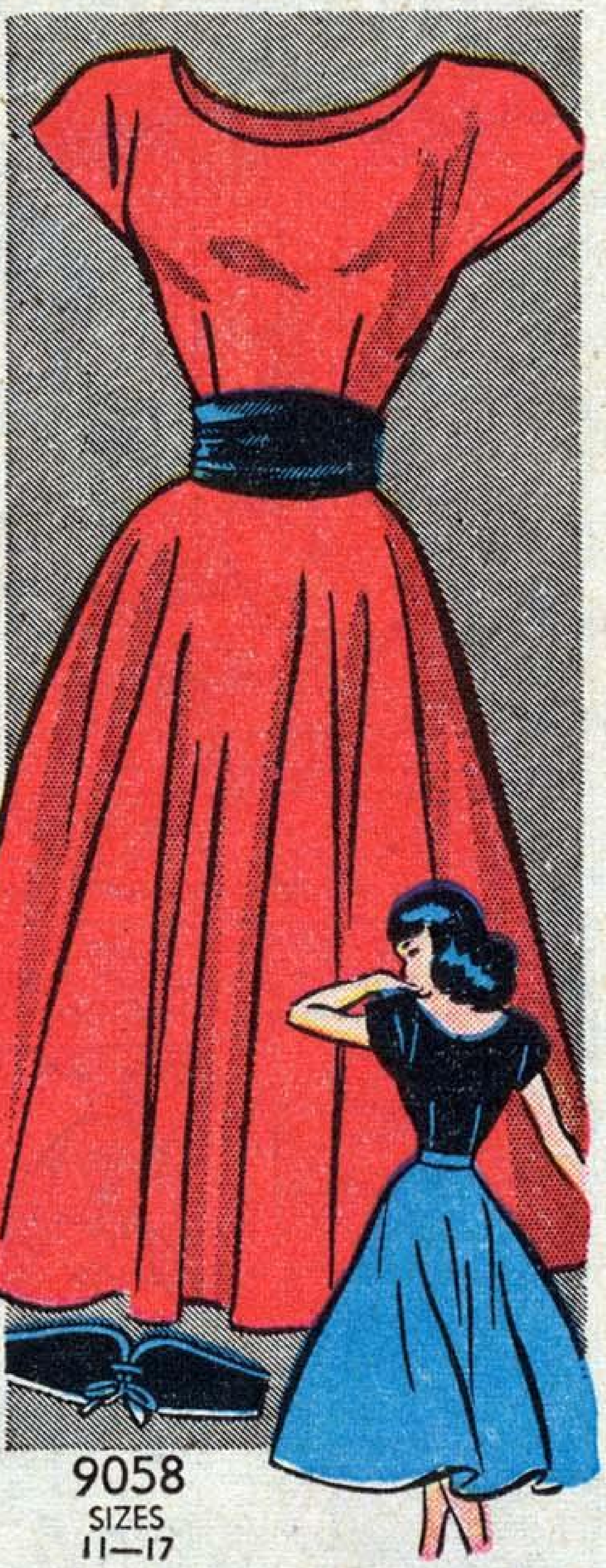

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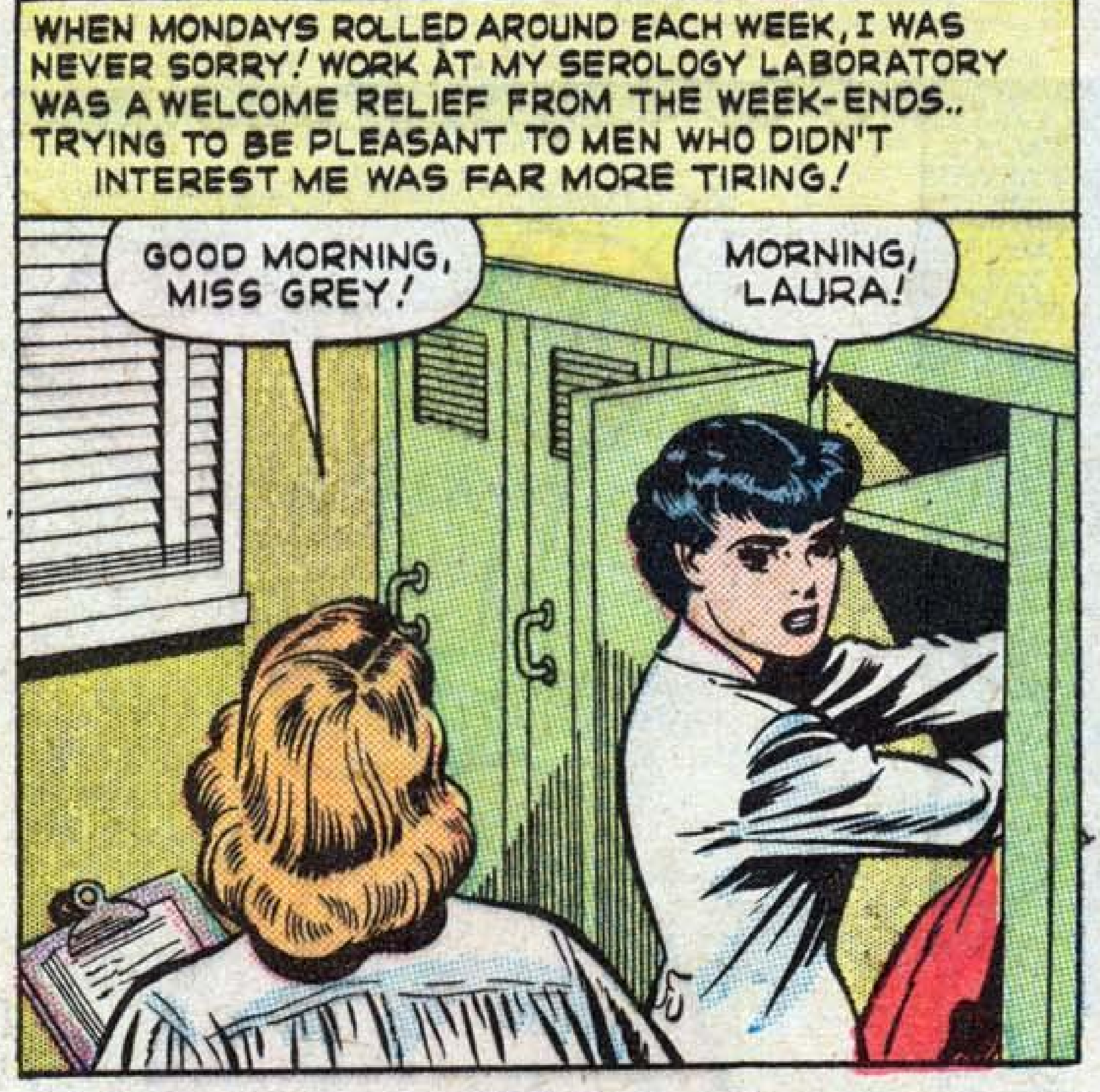
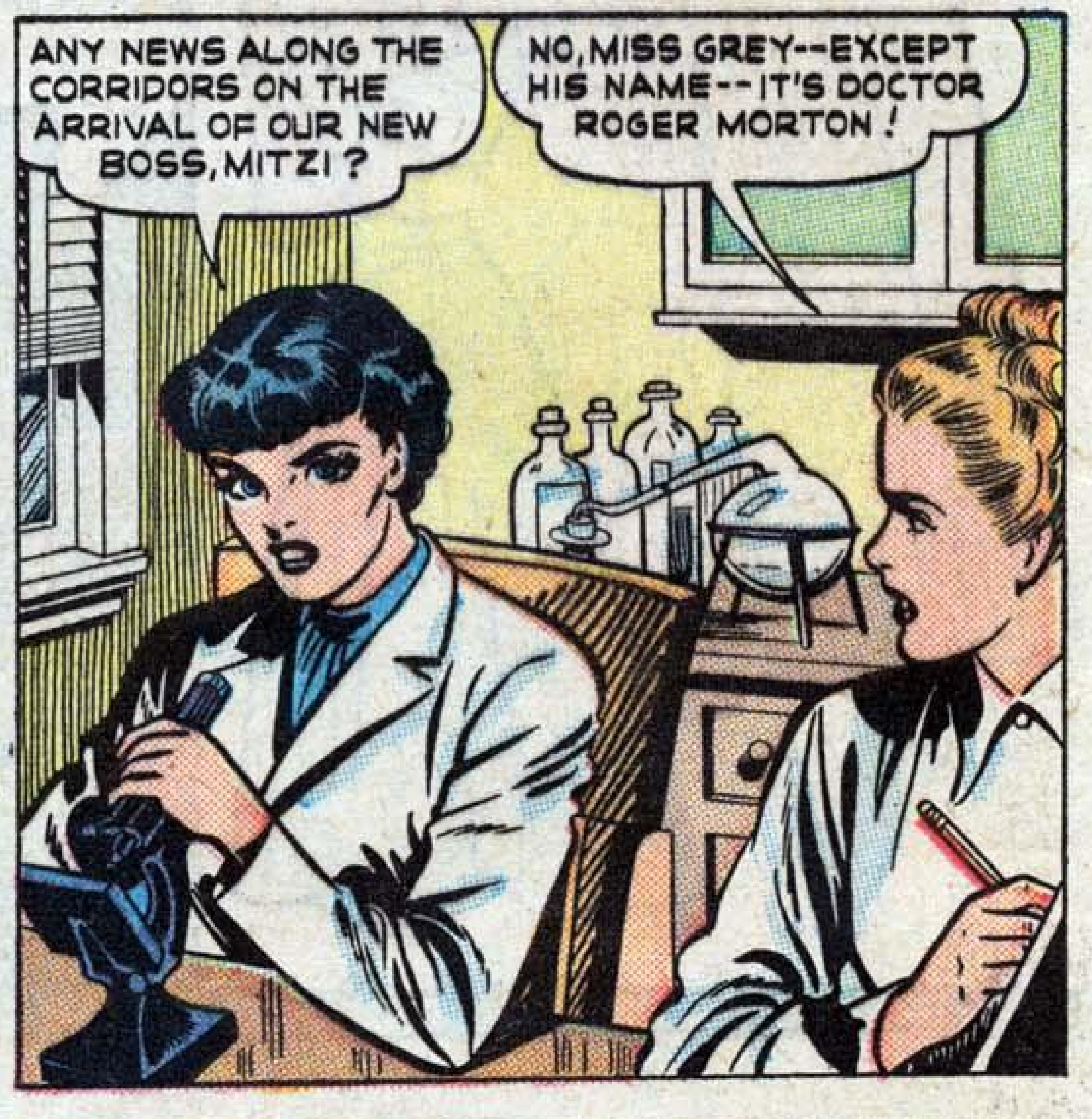
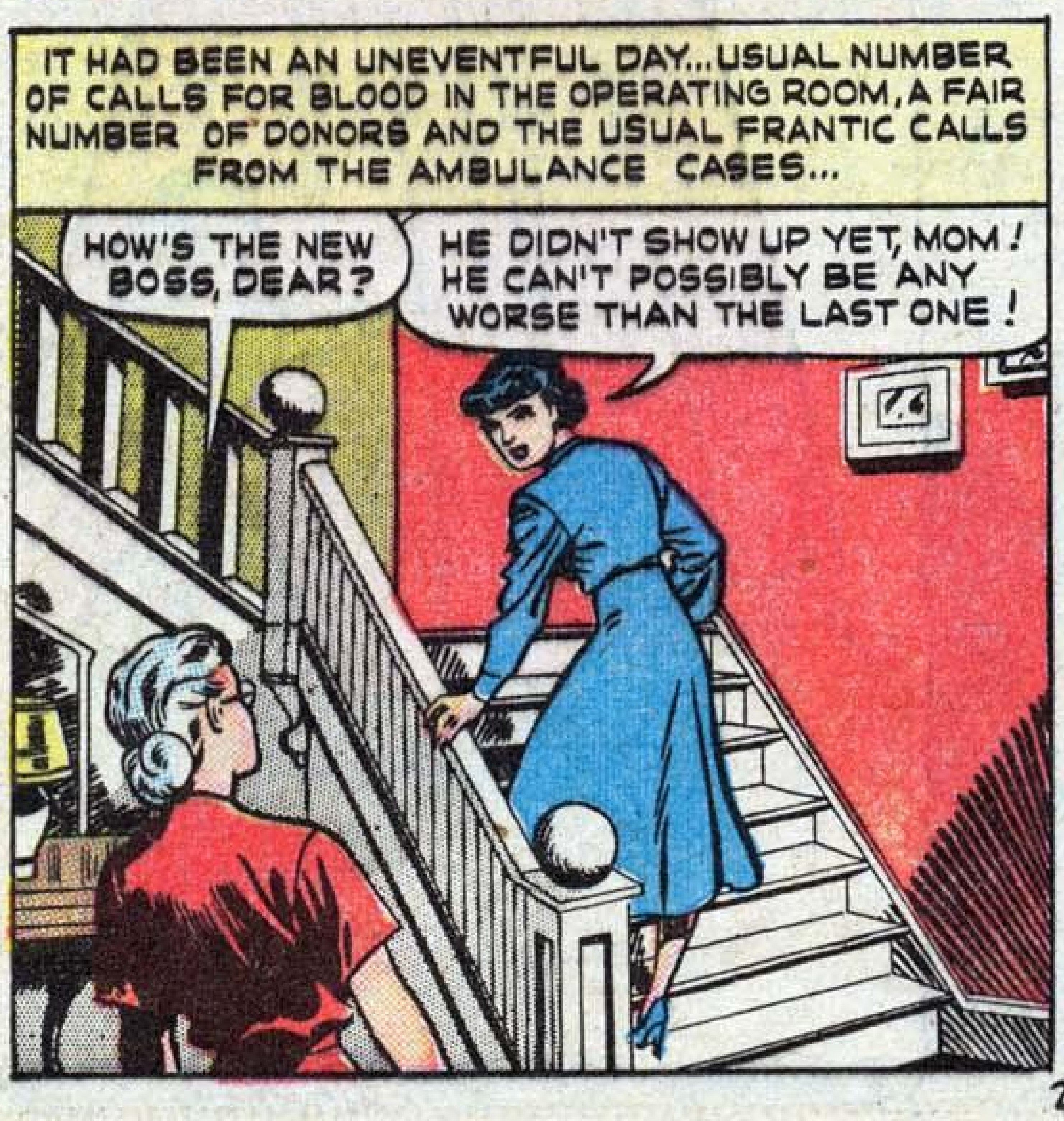
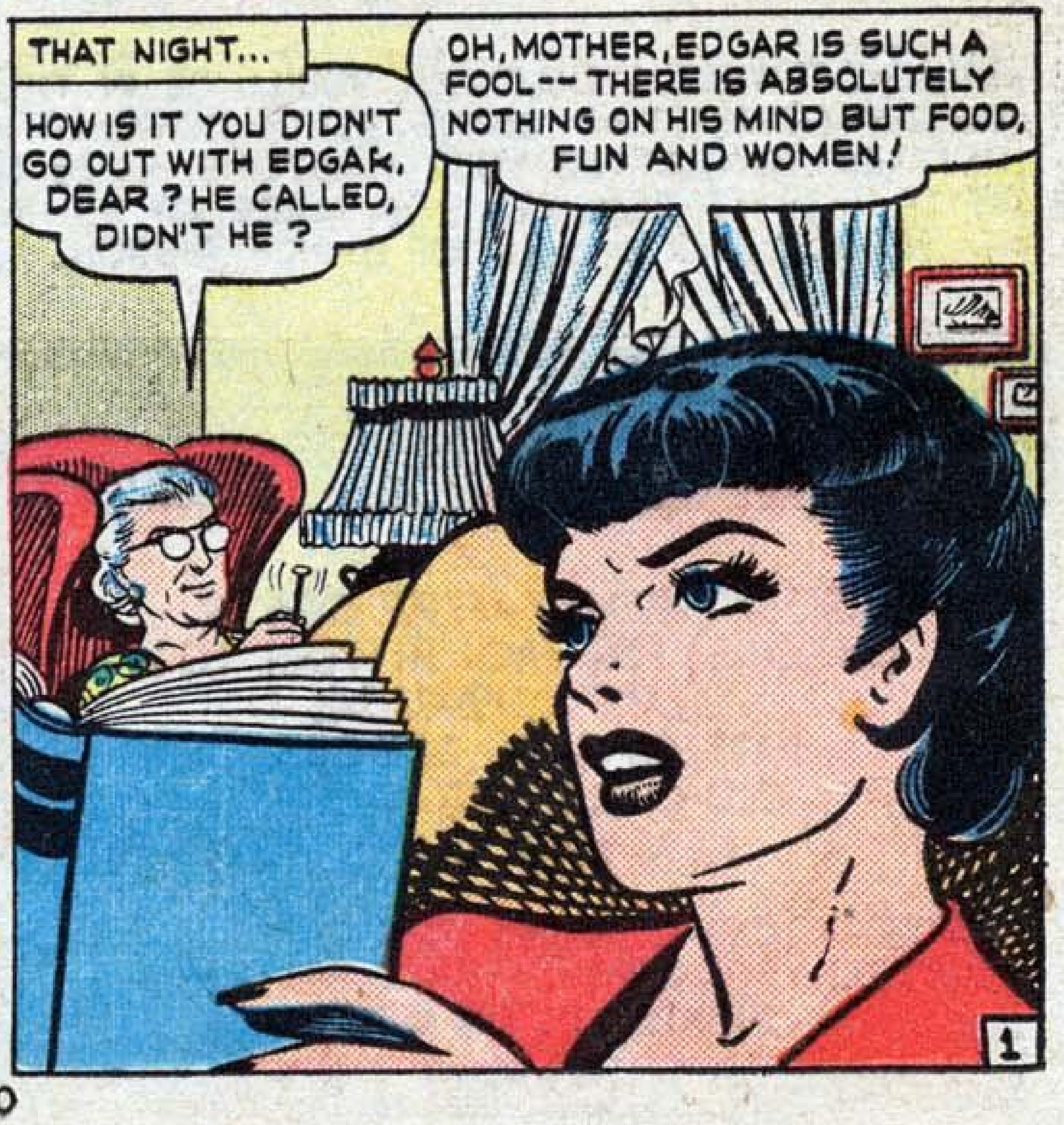
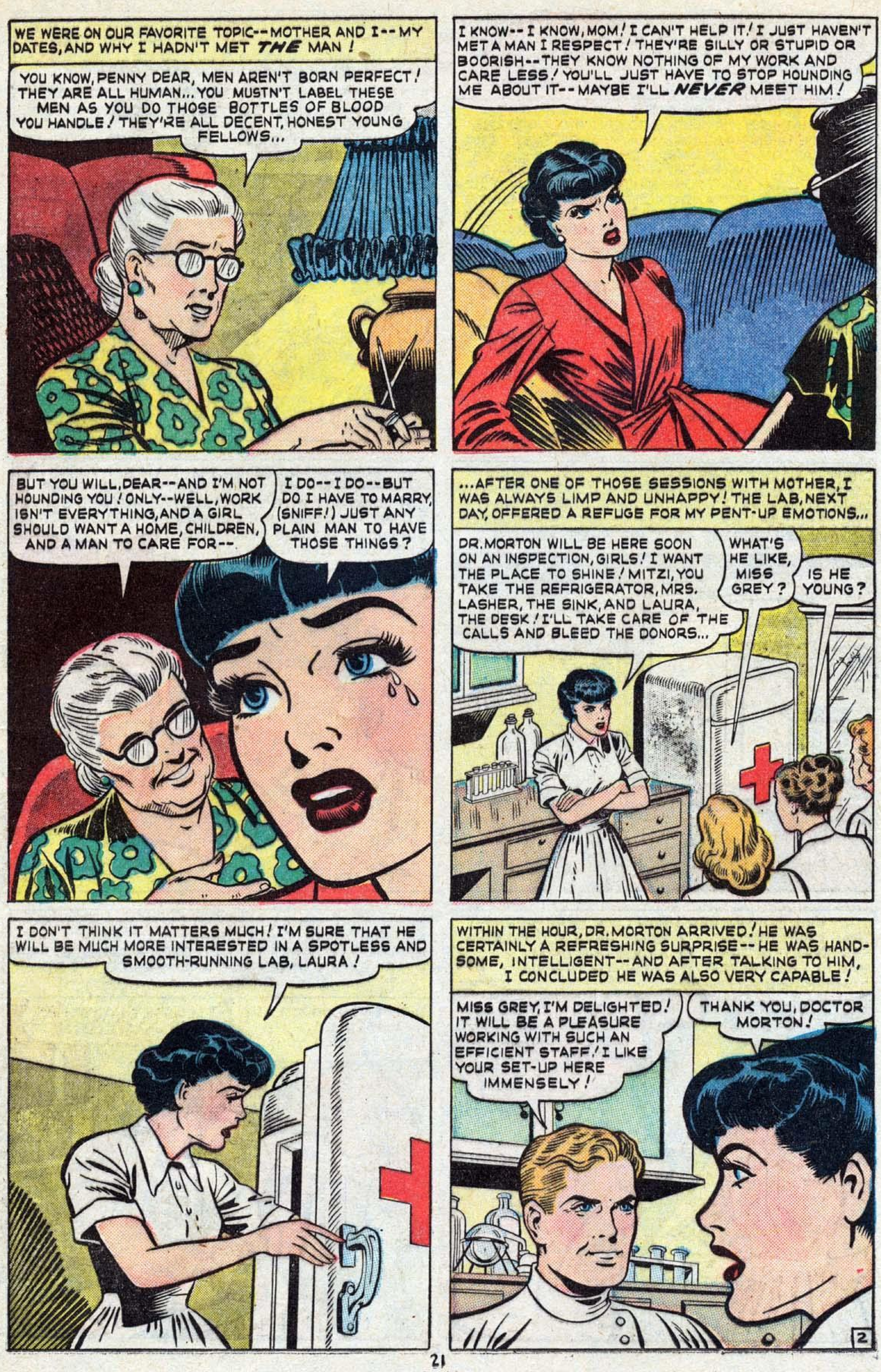
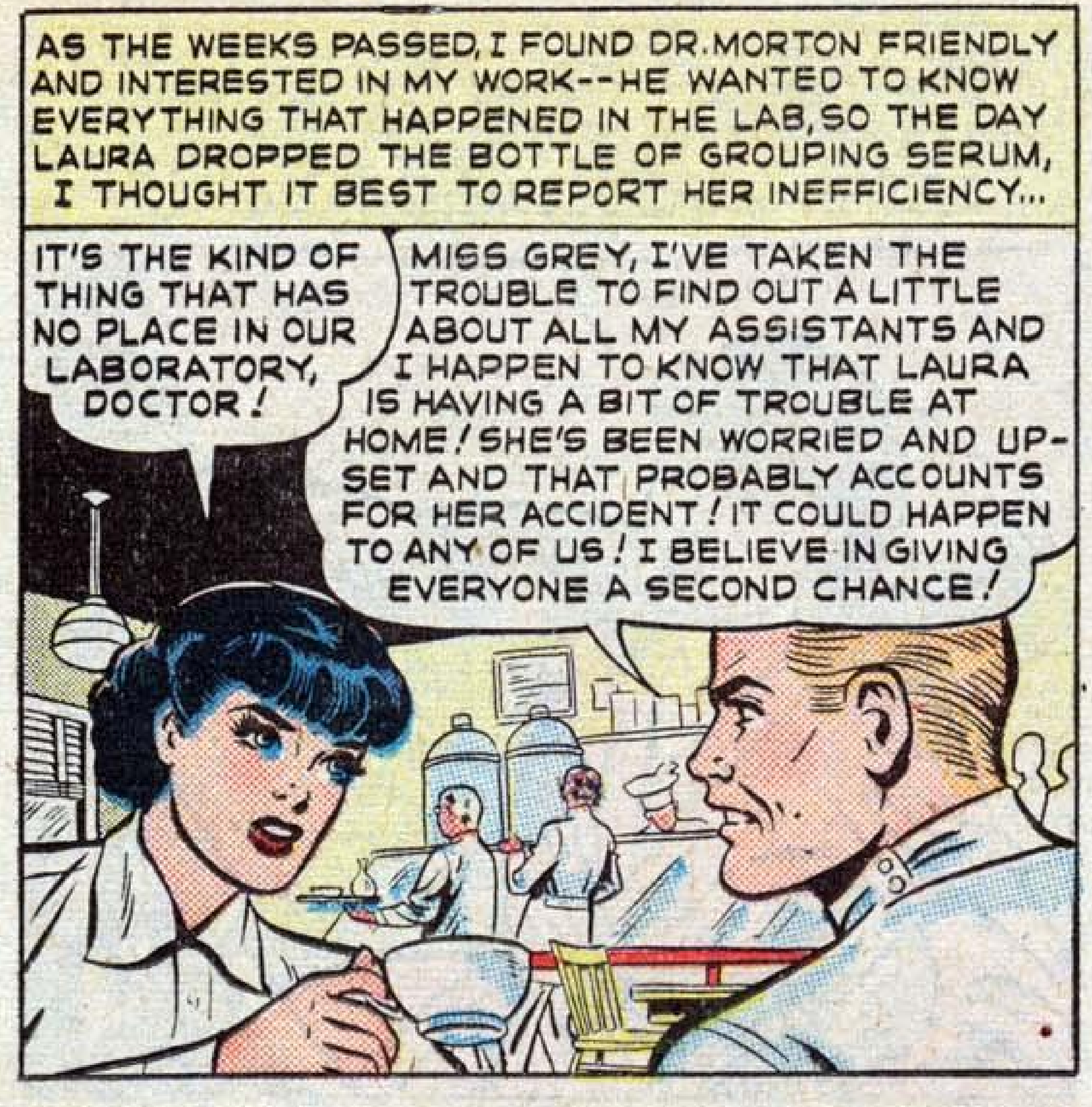

WHEN MONDAYS ROLLED AROUND EACH WEEK, I WAS NEVER SORRY! WORK AT MY SEROLOGY LABORATORY WAS A WELCOME RELIEF FROM THE WEEK-ENDS.. TRYING TO BE PLEASANT TO MEN WHO DIDN'T INTEREST ME WAS FAR MORE TIRING!
GOOD MORNING, MISS GREY!
MORNING, LAURA!

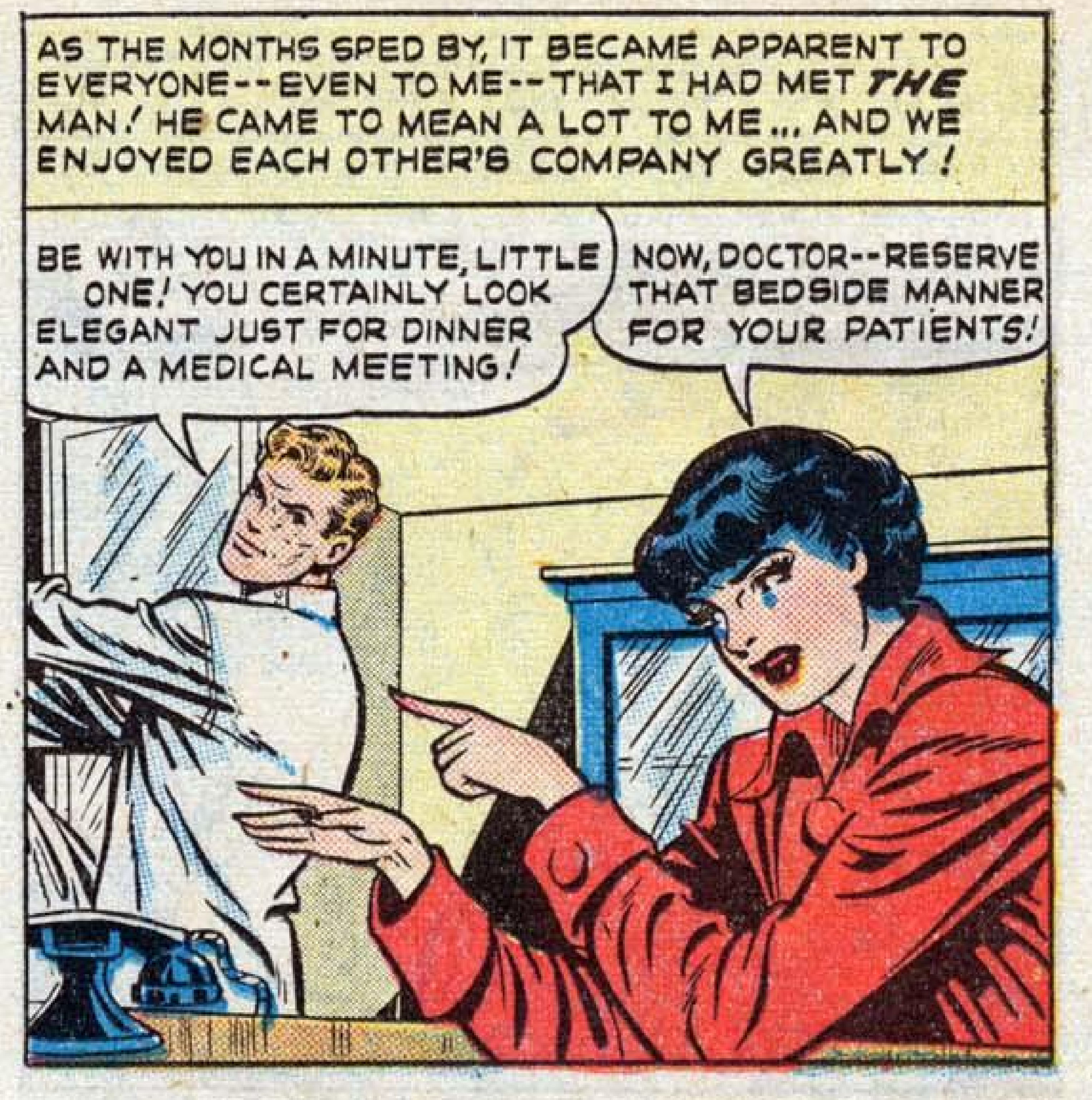

ANY NEWS ALONG THE CORRIDORS ON THE ARRIVAL OF OUR NEW BOSS, MITZI?
NO, MISS GREY--EXCEPT HIS NAME--IT'S DOCTOR ROGER MORTON!

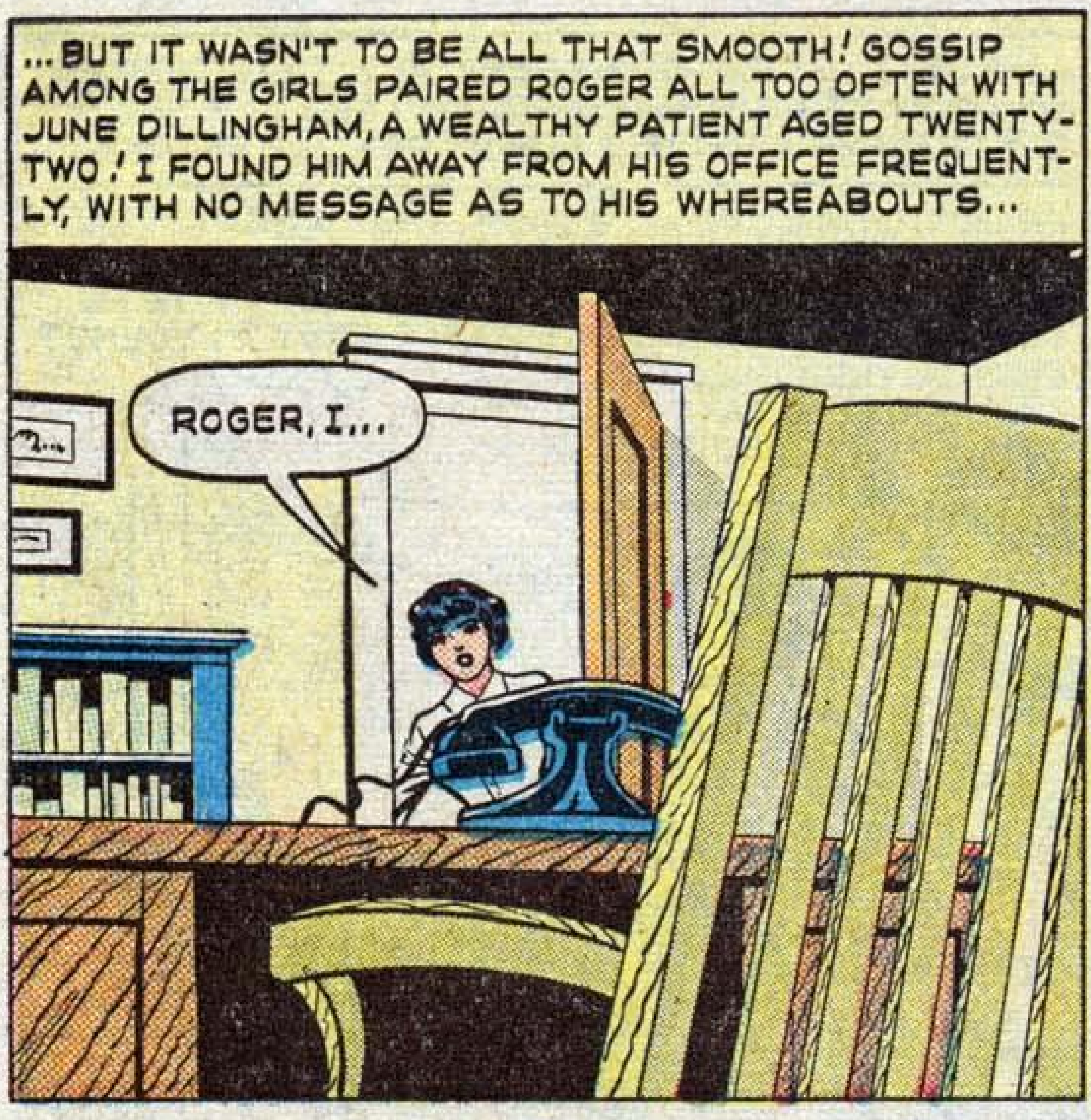

IT HAD BEEN AN UNEVENTFUL DAY...USUAL NUMBER OF CALLS FOR BLOOD IN THE OPERATING ROOM, A FAIR NUMBER OF DONORS AND THE USUAL FRANTIC CALLS FROM THE AMBULANCE CASES...
HOW'S THE NEW BOSS, DEAR?
HE DIDN'T SHOW UP YET, MOM! HE CAN'T POSSIBLY BE ANY WORSE THAN THE LAST ONE!

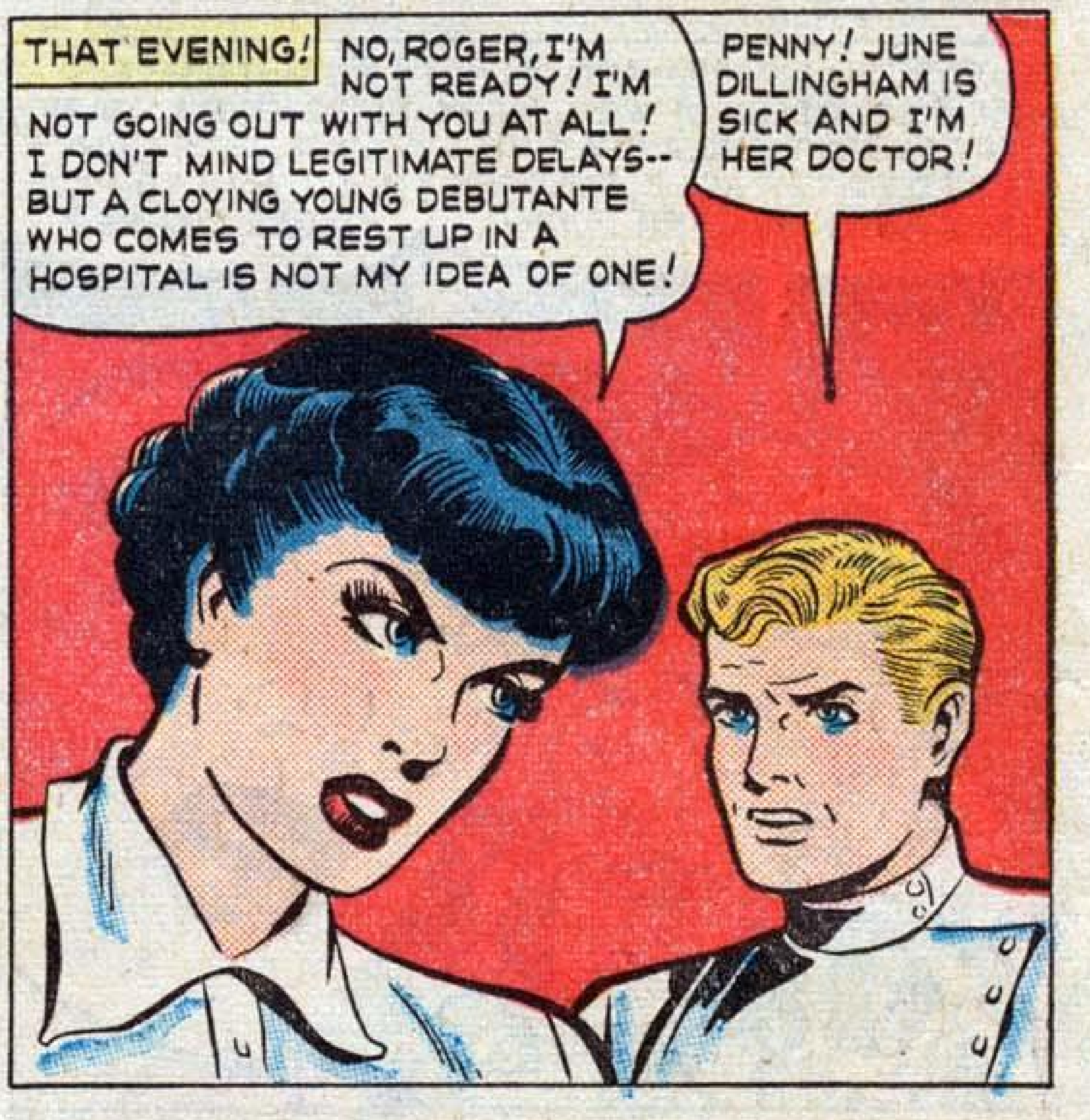

THAT NIGHT...
HOW IS IT YOU DIDN'T GO OUT WITH EDGAR, DEAR? HE CALLED, DIDN'T HE?
OH, MOTHER, EDGAR IS SUCH A FOOL-- THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ON HIS MIND BUT FOOD, FUN AND WOMEN!
1

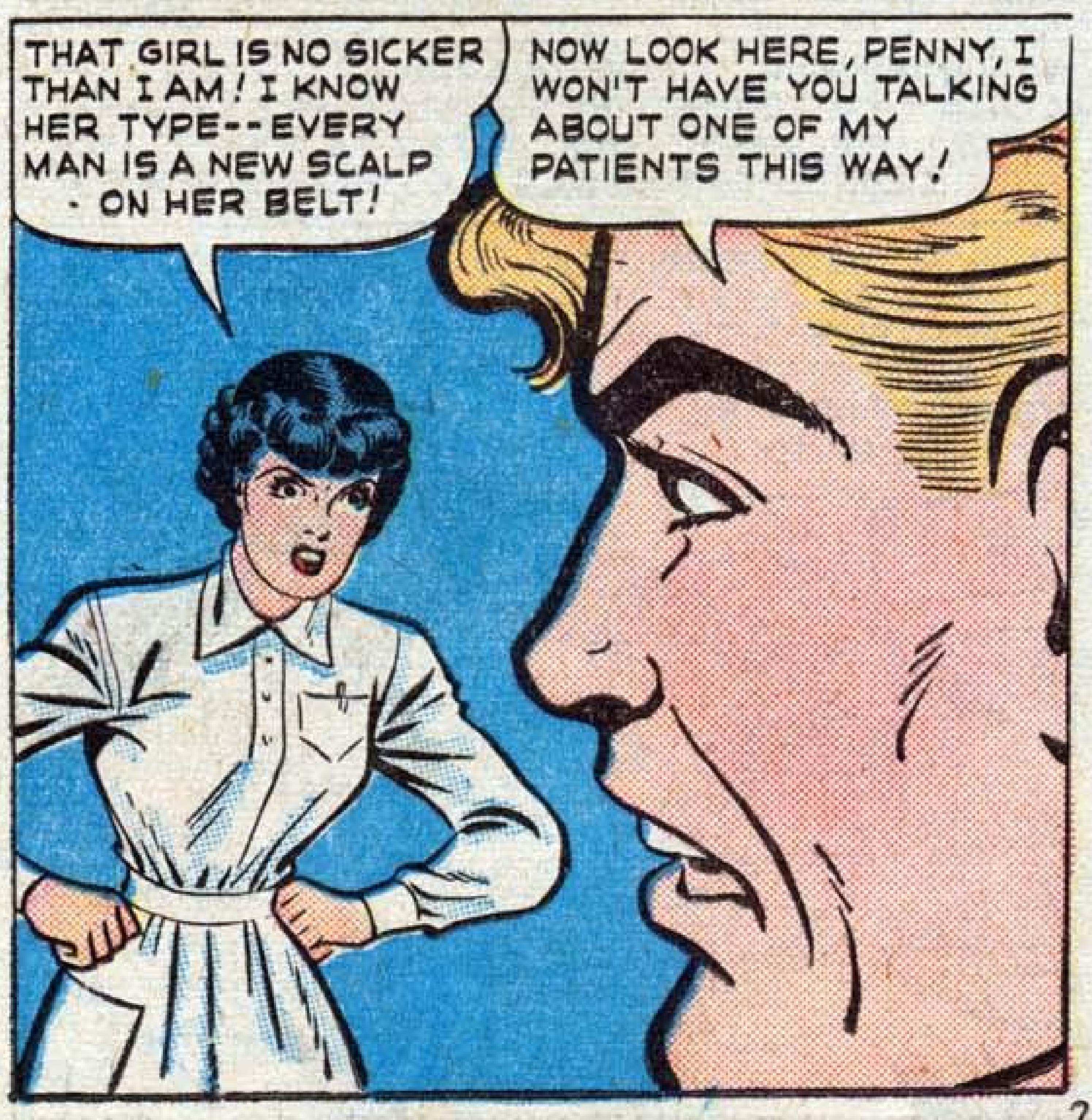

WE WERE ON OUR FAVORITE TOPIC--MOTHER AND I--MY DATES, AND WHY I HADN'T MET *THE* MAN!
YOU KNOW, PENNY DEAR, MEN AREN'T BORN PERFECT! THEY ARE ALL HUMAN... YOU MUSTN'T LABEL THESE MEN AS YOU DO THOSE BOTTLES OF BLOOD YOU HANDLE! THEY'RE ALL DECENT, HONEST YOUNG FELLOWS...
I KNOW--I KNOW, MOM! I CAN'T HELP IT! I JUST HAVEN'T MET A MAN I RESPECT! THEY'RE SILLY OR STUPID OR BOORISH--THEY KNOW NOTHING OF MY WORK AND CARE LESS! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO STOP HOUNDING ME ABOUT IT--MAYBE I'LL ***NEVER*** MEET HIM!
BUT YOU WILL, DEAR--AND I'M NOT HOUNDING YOU! ONLY--WELL, WORK ISN'T EVERYTHING, AND A GIRL SHOULD WANT A HOME, CHILDREN, AND A MAN TO CARE FOR--.
I DO--I DO--BUT DO I HAVE TO MARRY, (SNIFF!) JUST ANY PLAIN MAN TO HAVE THOSE THINGS?
...AFTER ONE OF THOSE SESSIONS WITH MOTHER, I WAS ALWAYS LIMP AND UNHAPPY! THE LAB, NEXT DAY, OFFERED A REFUGE FOR MY PENT-UP EMOTIONS...
DR. MORTON WILL BE HERE SOON ON AN INSPECTION, GIRLS! I WANT THE PLACE TO SHINE! MITZI, YOU TAKE THE REFRIGERATOR, MRS. LASHER, THE SINK, AND LAURA, THE DESK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CALLS AND BLEED THE DONORS...
WHAT'S HE LIKE, MISS GREY?
IS HE YOUNG?
I DON'T THINK IT MATTERS MUCH! I'M SURE THAT HE WILL BE MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN A SPOTLESS AND SMOOTH-RUNNING LAB, LAURA!
WITHIN THE HOUR, DR. MORTON ARRIVED! HE WAS CERTAINLY A REFRESHING SURPRISE--HE WAS HANDSOME, INTELLIGENT--AND AFTER TALKING TO HIM, I CONCLUDED HE WAS ALSO VERY CAPABLE!
MISS GREY, I'M DELIGHTED! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE WORKING WITH SUCH AN EFFICIENT STAFF! I LIKE YOUR SET-UP HERE IMMENSELY!
THANK YOU, DOCTOR MORTON!
2

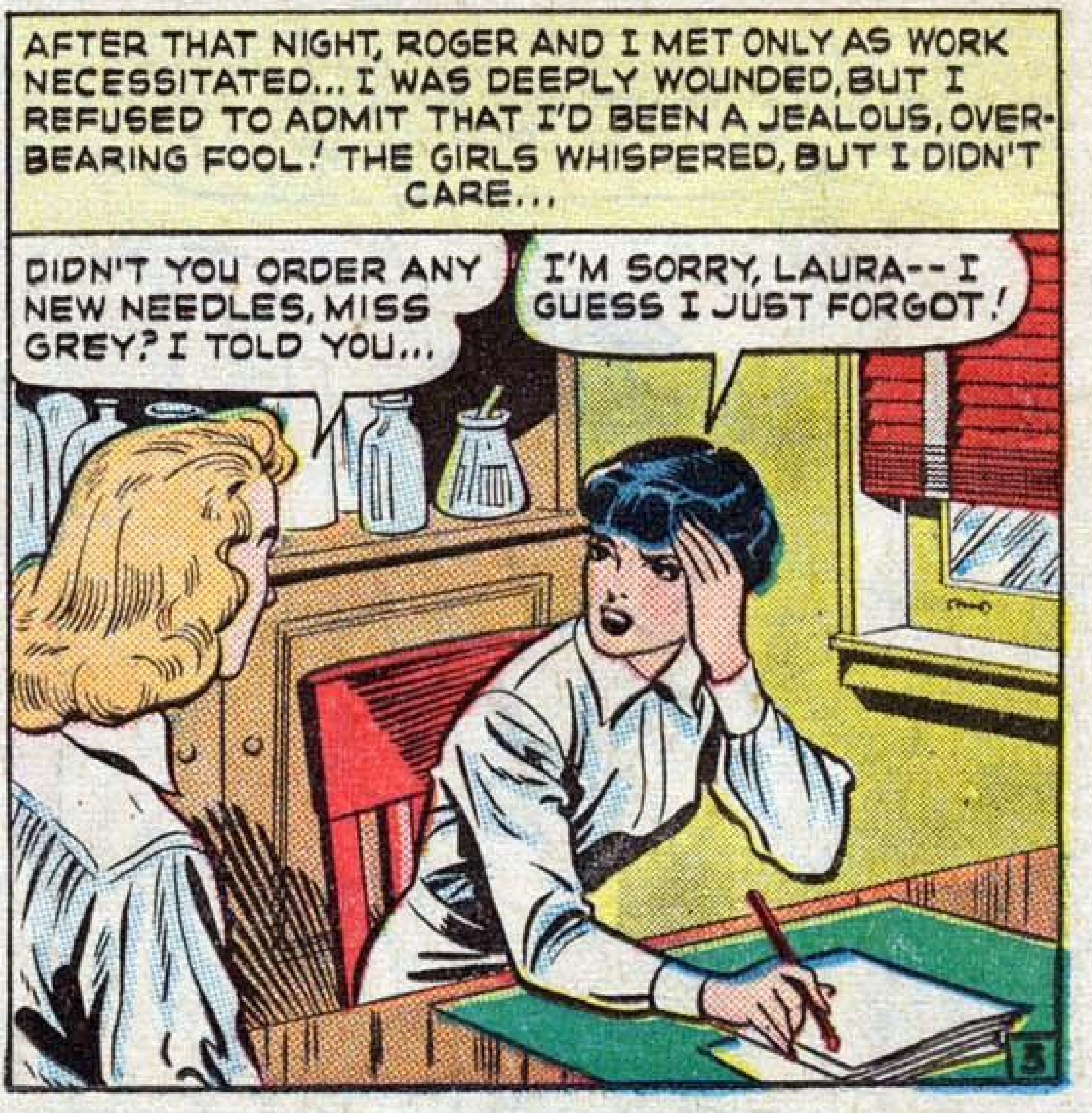

AS THE WEEKS PASSED, I FOUND DR. MORTON FRIENDLY AND INTERESTED IN MY WORK--HE WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE LAB, SO THE DAY LAURA DROPPED THE BOTTLE OF GROUPING SERUM, I THOUGHT IT BEST TO REPORT HER INEFFICIENCY...
IT'S THE KIND OF THING THAT HAS NO PLACE IN OUR LABORATORY, DOCTOR!
MISS GREY, I'VE TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO FIND OUT A LITTLE ABOUT ALL MY ASSISTANTS AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT LAURA IS HAVING A BIT OF TROUBLE AT HOME! SHE'S BEEN WORRIED AND UPSET AND THAT PROBABLY ACCOUNTS FOR HER ACCIDENT! IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANY OF US! I BELIEVE IN GIVING EVERYONE A SECOND CHANCE!

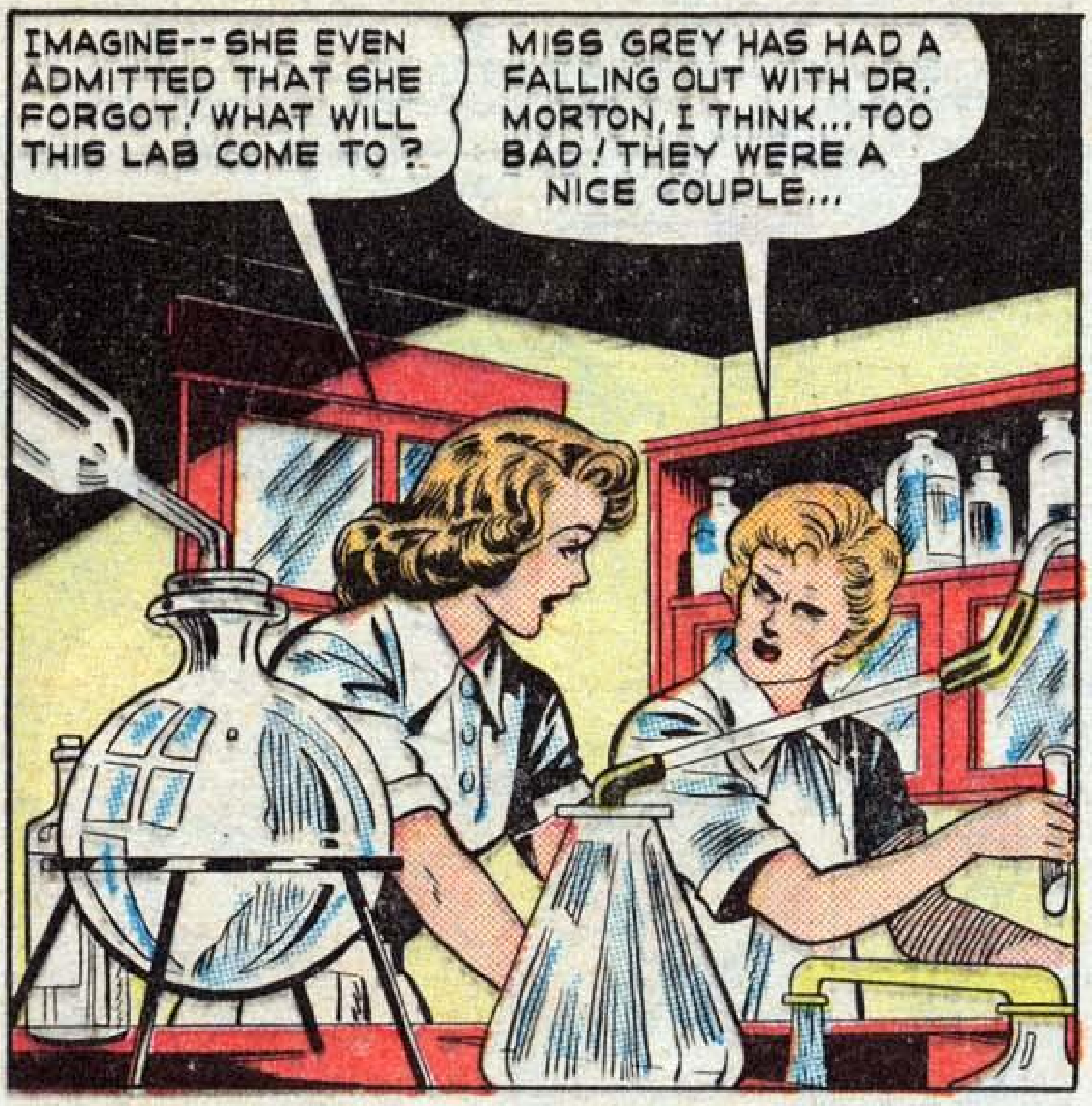

AS THE MONTHS SPED BY, IT BECAME APPARENT TO EVERYONE--EVEN TO ME--THAT I HAD MET *THE* MAN! HE CAME TO MEAN A LOT TO ME... AND WE ENJOYED EACH OTHER'S COMPANY GREATLY!
BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, LITTLE ONE! YOU CERTAINLY LOOK ELEGANT JUST FOR DINNER AND A MEDICAL MEETING!
NOW, DOCTOR--RESERVE THAT BEDSIDE MANNER FOR YOUR PATIENTS!

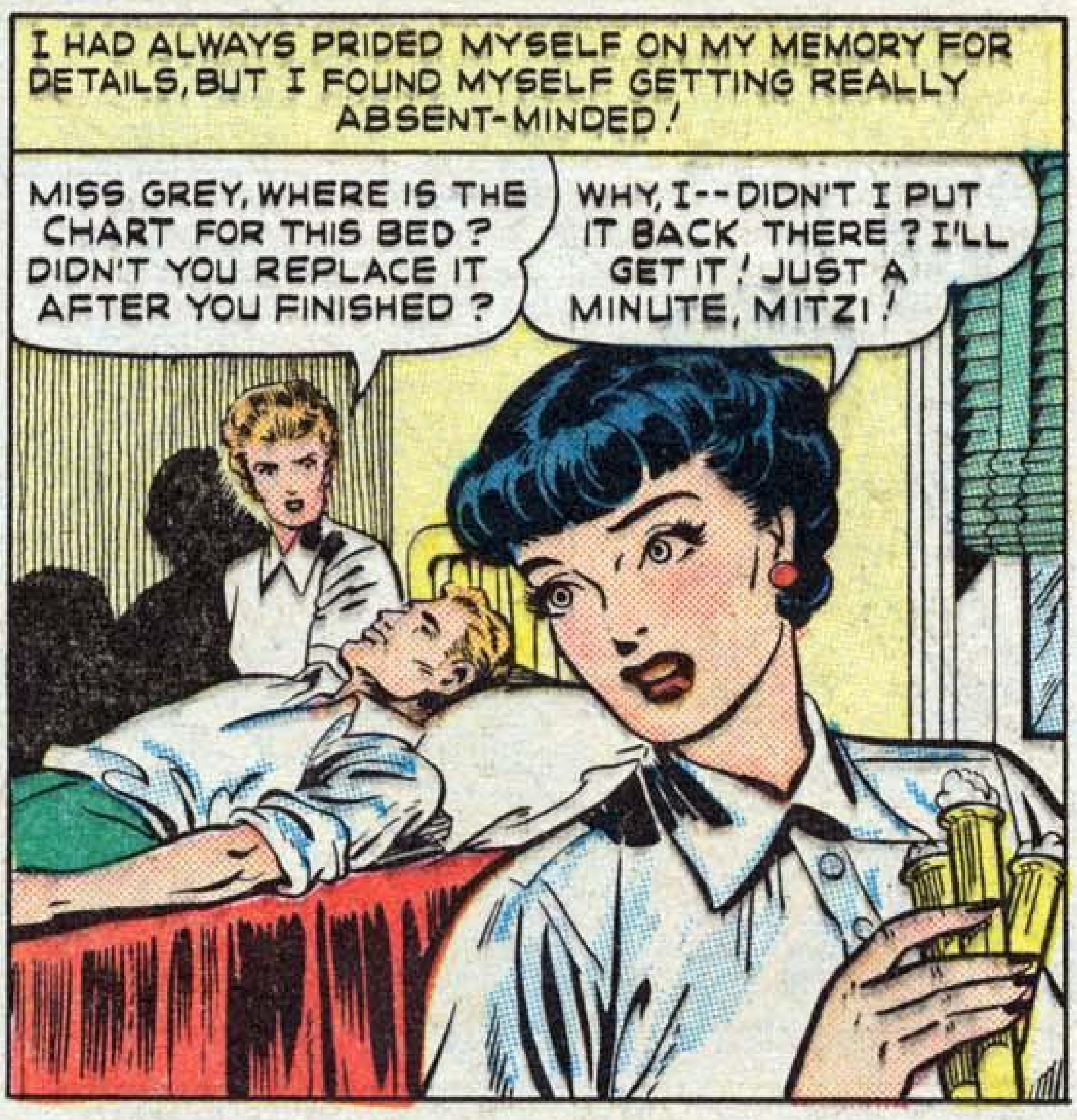

...BUT IT WASN'T TO BE ALL THAT SMOOTH! GOSSIP AMONG THE GIRLS PAIRED ROGER ALL TOO OFTEN WITH JUNE DILLINGHAM, A WEALTHY PATIENT AGED TWENTY-TWO! I FOUND HIM AWAY FROM HIS OFFICE FREQUENTLY, WITH NO MESSAGE AS TO HIS WHEREABOUTS...
ROGER, I...


THAT EVENING!
NO, ROGER, I'M NOT READY! I'M NOT GOING OUT WITH YOU AT ALL! I DON'T MIND LEGITIMATE DELAYS--BUT A CLOYING YOUNG DEBUTANTE WHO COMES TO REST UP IN A HOSPITAL IS NOT MY IDEA OF ONE!
PENNY! JUNE DILLINGHAM IS SICK AND I'M HER DOCTOR!

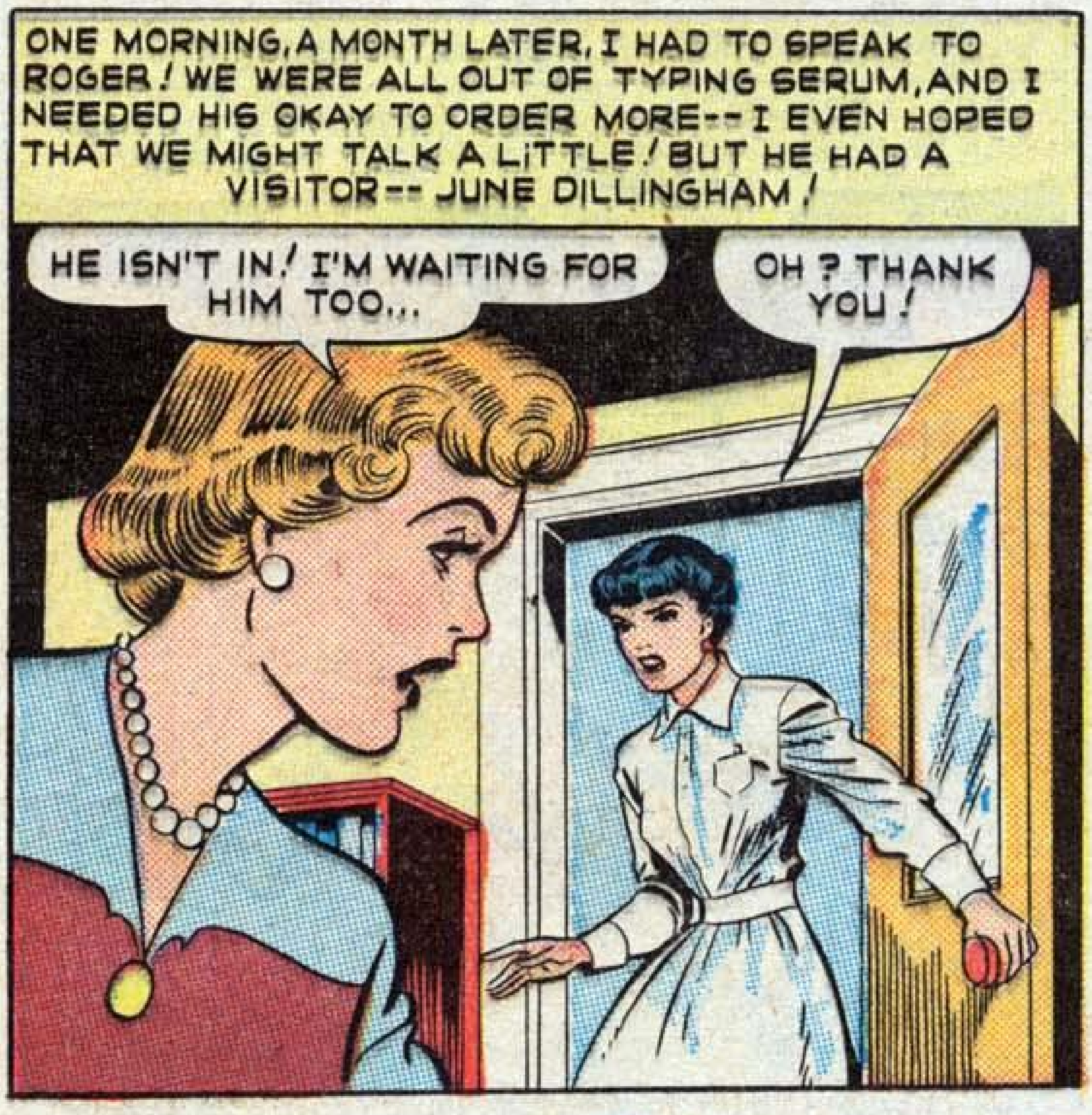

THAT GIRL IS NO SICKER THAN I AM! I KNOW HER TYPE--EVERY MAN IS A NEW SCALP ON HER BELT!
NOW LOOK HERE, PENNY, I WON'T HAVE YOU TALKING ABOUT ONE OF MY PATIENTS THIS WAY!


AFTER THAT NIGHT, ROGER AND I MET ONLY AS WORK NECESSITATED... I WAS DEEPLY WOUNDED, BUT I REFUSED TO ADMIT THAT I'D BEEN A JEALOUS, OVERBEARING FOOL! THE GIRLS WHISPERED, BUT I DIDN'T CARE...
DIDN'T YOU ORDER ANY NEW NEEDLES, MISS GREY? I TOLD YOU...
I'M SORRY, LAURA--I GUESS I JUST FORGOT!
3

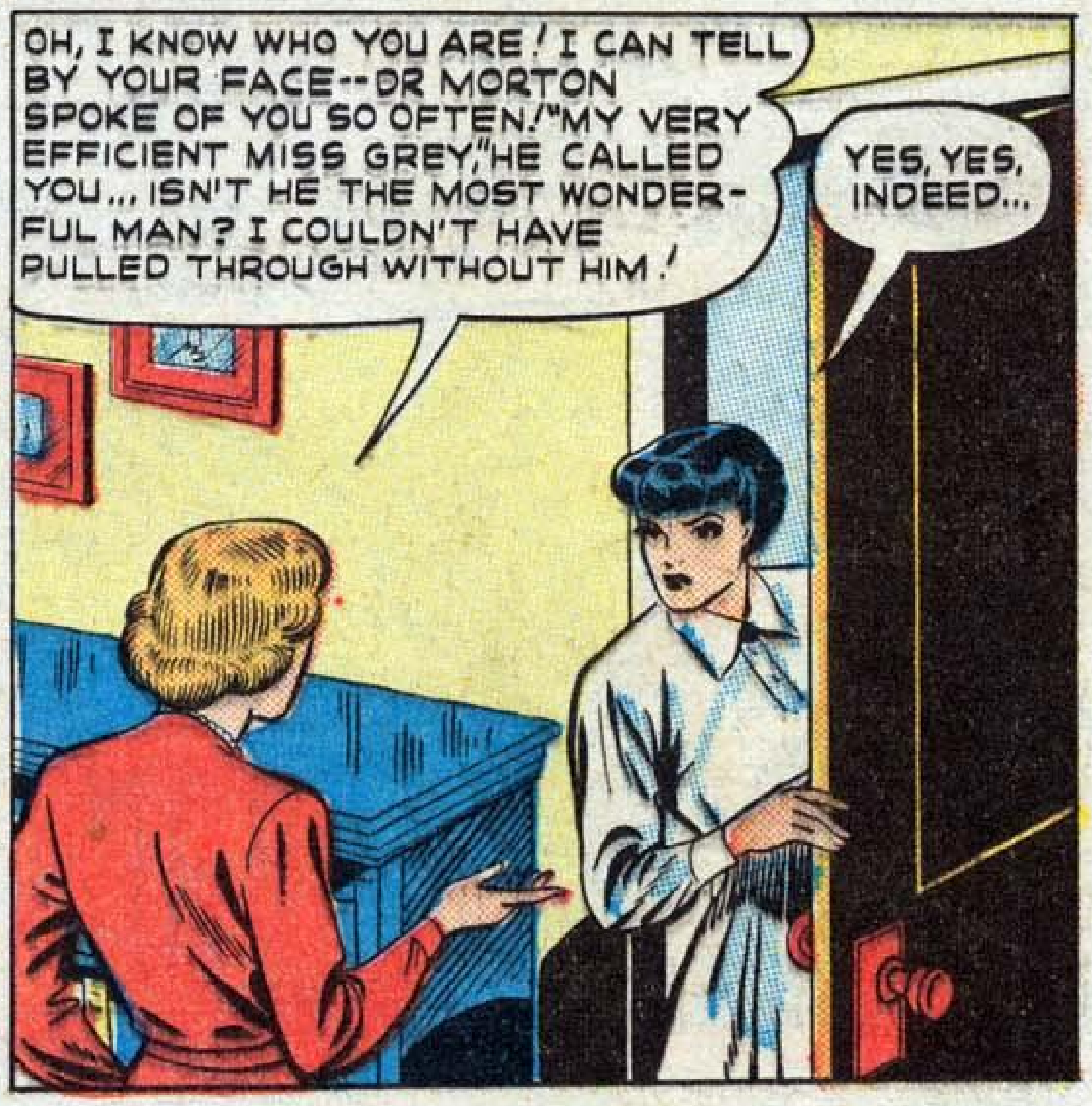

IMAGINE-- SHE EVEN ADMITTED THAT SHE FORGOT! WHAT WILL THIS LAB COME TO?
MISS GREY HAS HAD A FALLING OUT WITH DR. MORTON, I THINK... TOO BAD! THEY WERE A NICE COUPLE...

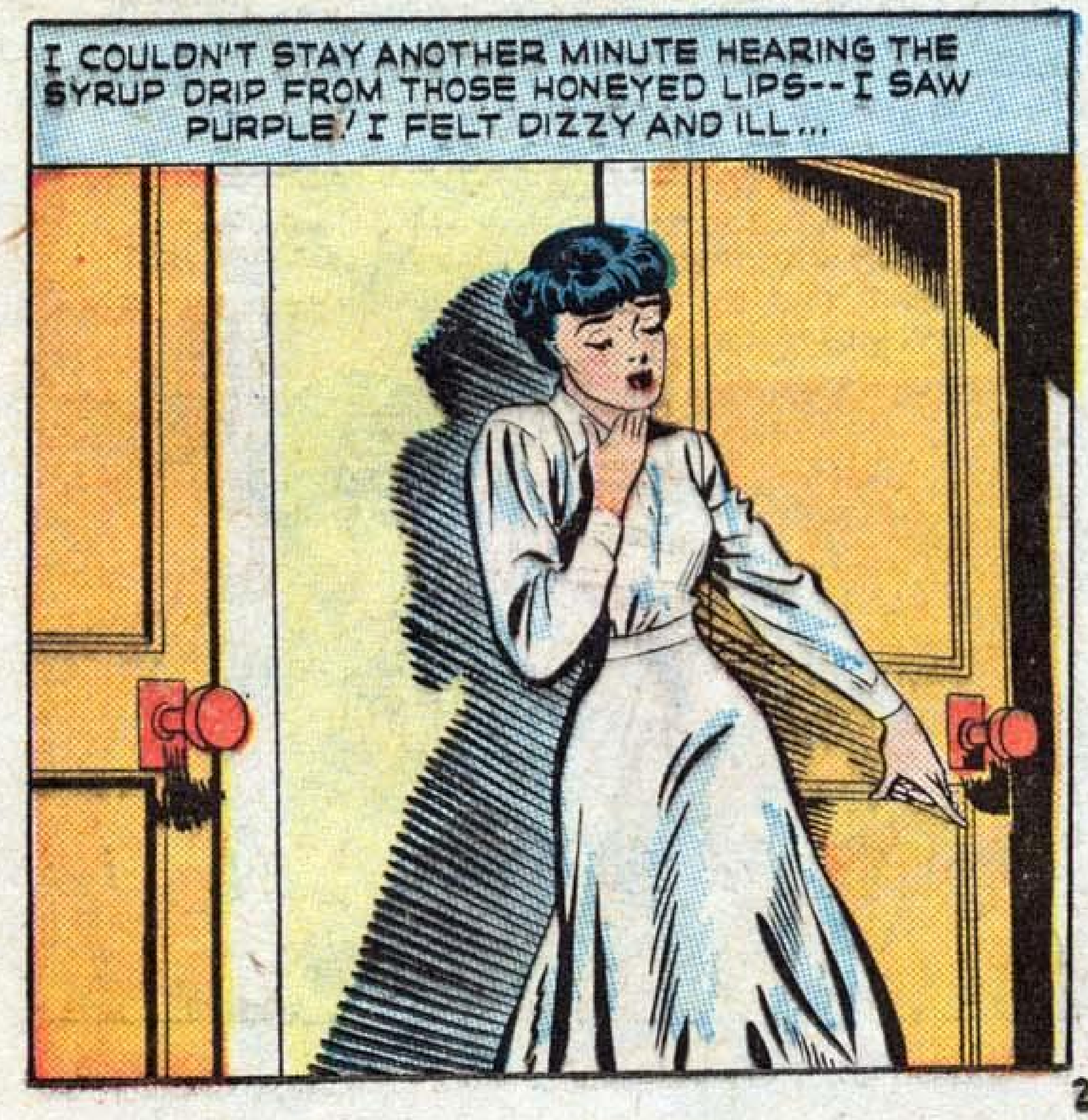

I HAD ALWAYS PRIDED MYSELF ON MY MEMORY FOR DETAILS, BUT I FOUND MYSELF GETTING REALLY ABSENT-MINDED!

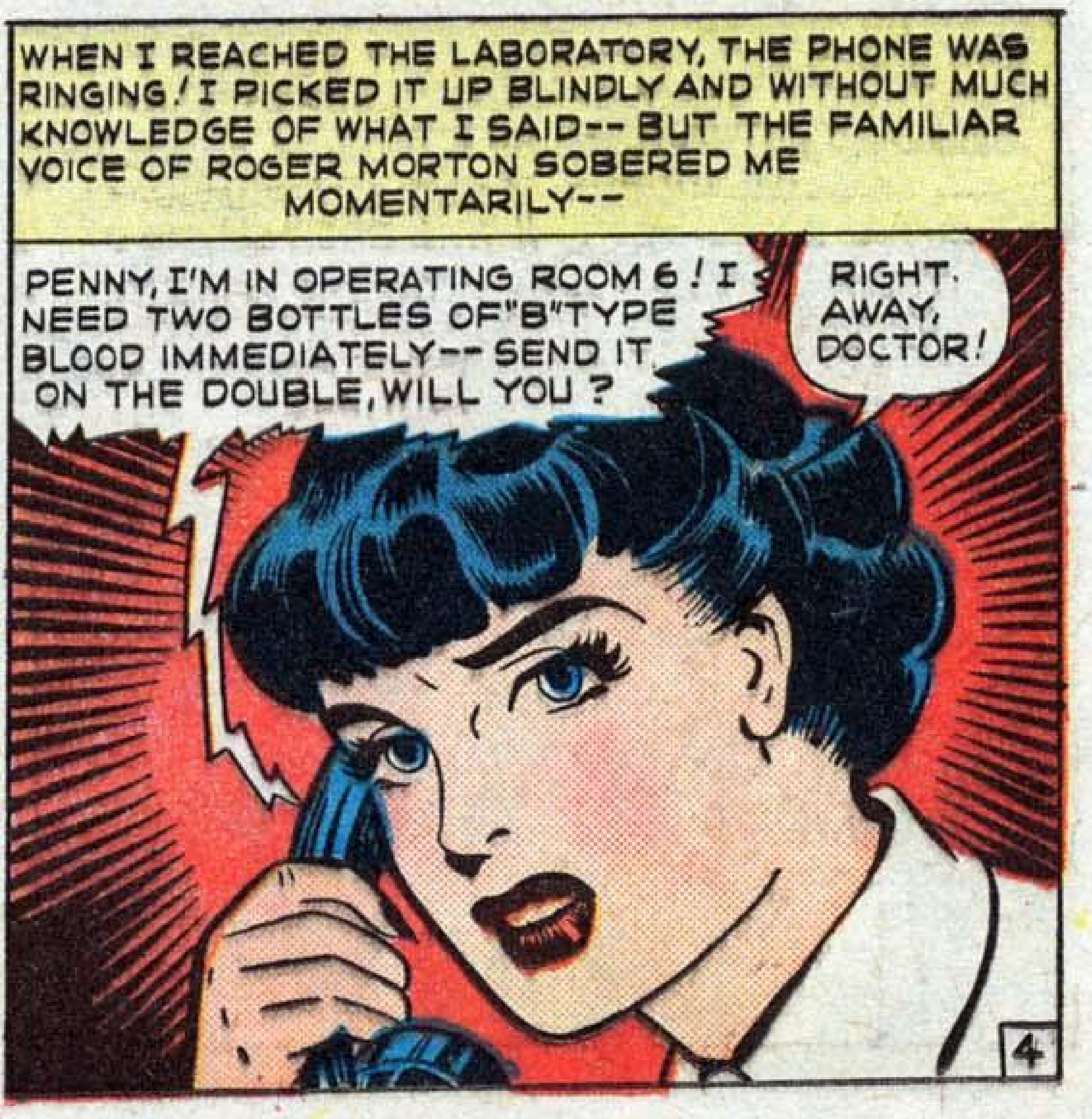
MISS GREY, WHERE IS THE CHART FOR THIS BED? DIDN'T YOU REPLACE IT AFTER YOU FINISHED?
WHY, I-- DIDN'T I PUT IT BACK THERE? I'LL GET IT! JUST A MINUTE, MITZI!


ONE MORNING, A MONTH LATER, I HAD TO SPEAK TO ROGER! WE WERE ALL OUT OF TYPING SERUM, AND I NEEDED HIS OKAY TO ORDER MORE-- I EVEN HOPED THAT WE MIGHT TALK A LITTLE! BUT HE HAD A VISITOR-- JUNE DILLINGHAM!

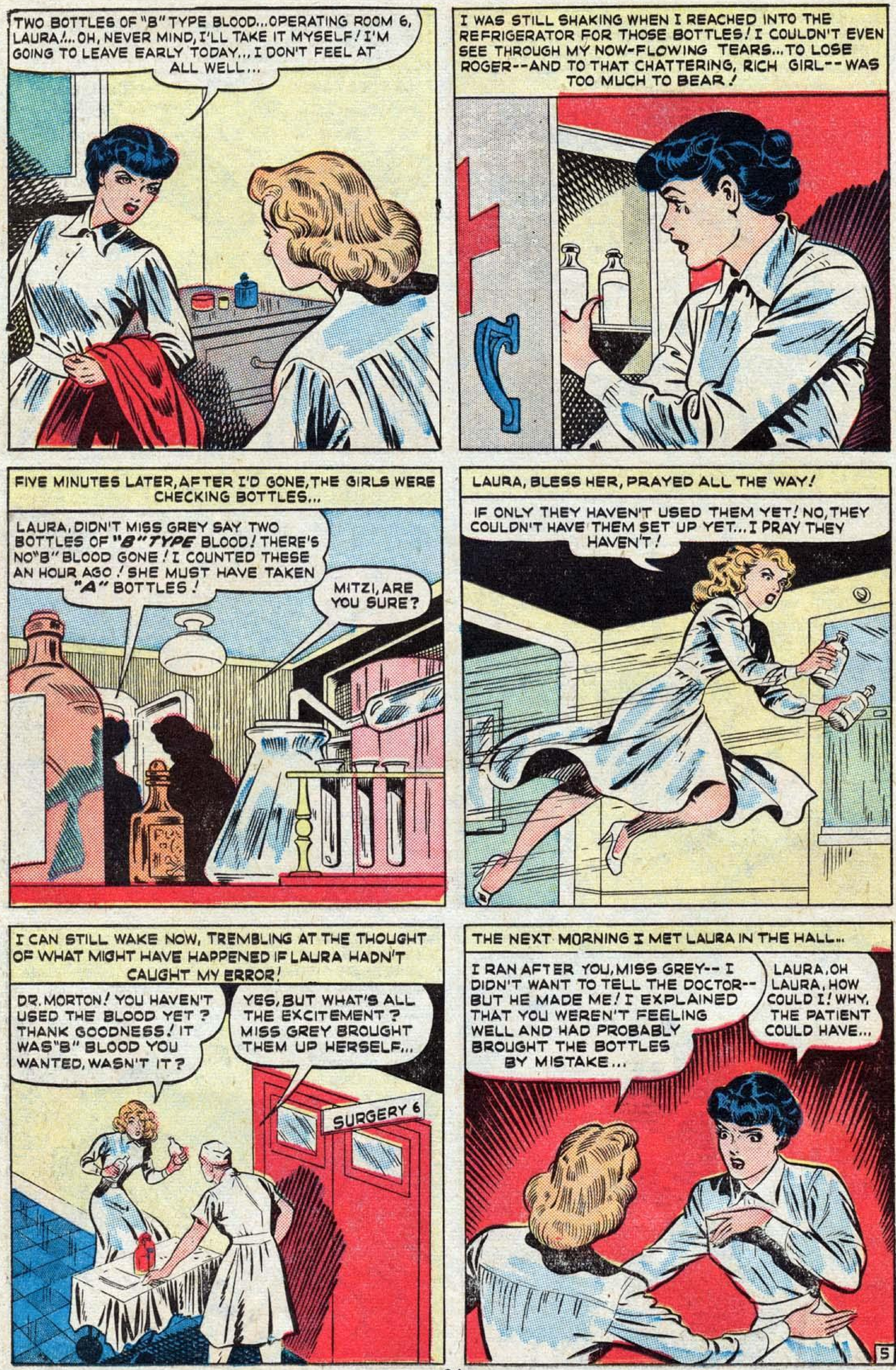
HE ISN'T IN! I'M WAITING FOR HIM TOO...
OH? THANK YOU!

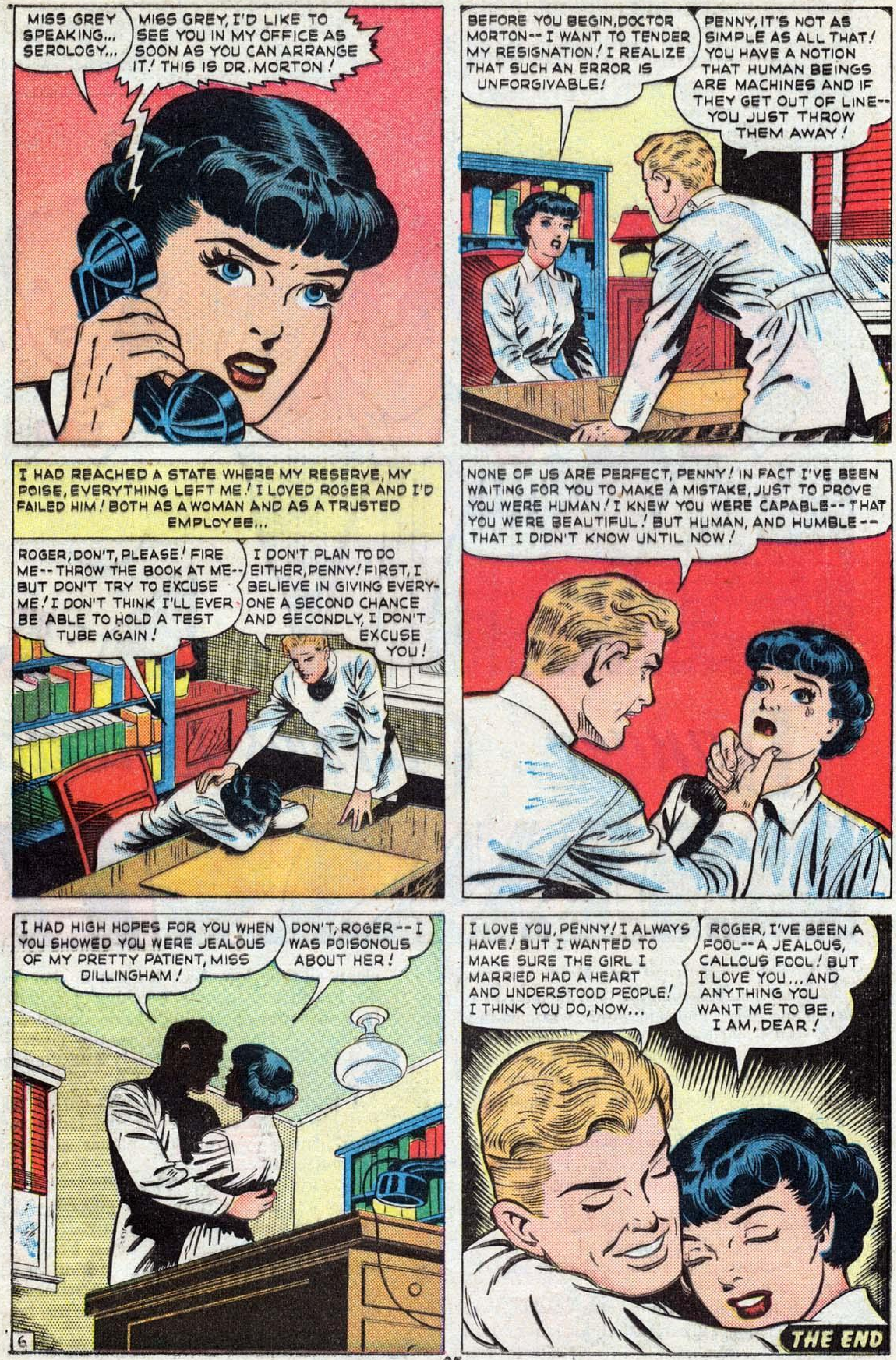

OH, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! I CAN TELL BY YOUR FACE-- DR MORTON SPOKE OF YOU SO OFTEN! "MY VERY EFFICIENT MISS GREY," HE CALLED YOU... ISN'T HE THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN? I COULDN'T HAVE PULLED THROUGH WITHOUT HIM!
YES, YES, INDEED...


I COULDN'T STAY ANOTHER MINUTE HEARING THE SYRUP DRIP FROM THOSE HONEYED LIPS-- I SAW PURPLE! I FELT DIZZY AND ILL...


WHEN I REACHED THE LABORATORY, THE PHONE WAS RINGING! I PICKED IT UP BLINDLY AND WITHOUT MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT I SAID-- BUT THE FAMILIAR VOICE OF ROGER MORTON SOBERED ME MOMENTARILY--

PENNY, I'M IN OPERATING ROOM 6! I NEED TWO BOTTLES OF "B" TYPE BLOOD IMMEDIATELY-- SEND IT ON THE DOUBLE, WILL YOU?
RIGHT AWAY, DOCTOR!
4


TWO BOTTLES OF "B" TYPE BLOOD...OPERATING ROOM 6, LAURA!...OH, NEVER MIND, I'LL TAKE IT MYSELF! I'M GOING TO LEAVE EARLY TODAY... I DON'T FEEL AT ALL WELL...
I WAS STILL SHAKING WHEN I REACHED INTO THE REFRIGERATOR FOR THOSE BOTTLES! I COULDN'T EVEN SEE THROUGH MY NOW-FLOWING TEARS...TO LOSE ROGER--AND TO THAT CHATTERING, RICH GIRL--WAS TOO MUCH TO BEAR!
FIVE MINUTES LATER, AFTER I'D GONE, THE GIRLS WERE CHECKING BOTTLES...
LAURA, DIDN'T MISS GREY SAY TWO BOTTLES OF "B" TYPE BLOOD! THERE'S NO "B" BLOOD GONE! I COUNTED THESE AN HOUR AGO! SHE MUST HAVE TAKEN "A" BOTTLES!
MITZI, ARE YOU SURE?
LAURA, BLESS HER, PRAYED ALL THE WAY!
IF ONLY THEY HAVEN'T USED THEM YET! NO, THEY COULDN'T HAVE THEM SET UP YET...I PRAY THEY HAVEN'T!
I CAN STILL WAKE NOW, TREMBLING AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF LAURA HADN'T CAUGHT MY ERROR!
DR. MORTON! YOU HAVEN'T USED THE BLOOD YET? THANK GOODNESS! IT WAS "B" BLOOD YOU WANTED, WASN'T IT?
YES, BUT WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT? MISS GREY BROUGHT THEM UP HERSELF...
SURGERY 6
THE NEXT MORNING I MET LAURA IN THE HALL...
I RAN AFTER YOU, MISS GREY-- I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL THE DOCTOR-- BUT HE MADE ME! I EXPLAINED THAT YOU WEREN'T FEELING WELL AND HAD PROBABLY BROUGHT THE BOTTLES BY MISTAKE...
LAURA, OH LAURA, HOW COULD I! WHY, THE PATIENT COULD HAVE...
5

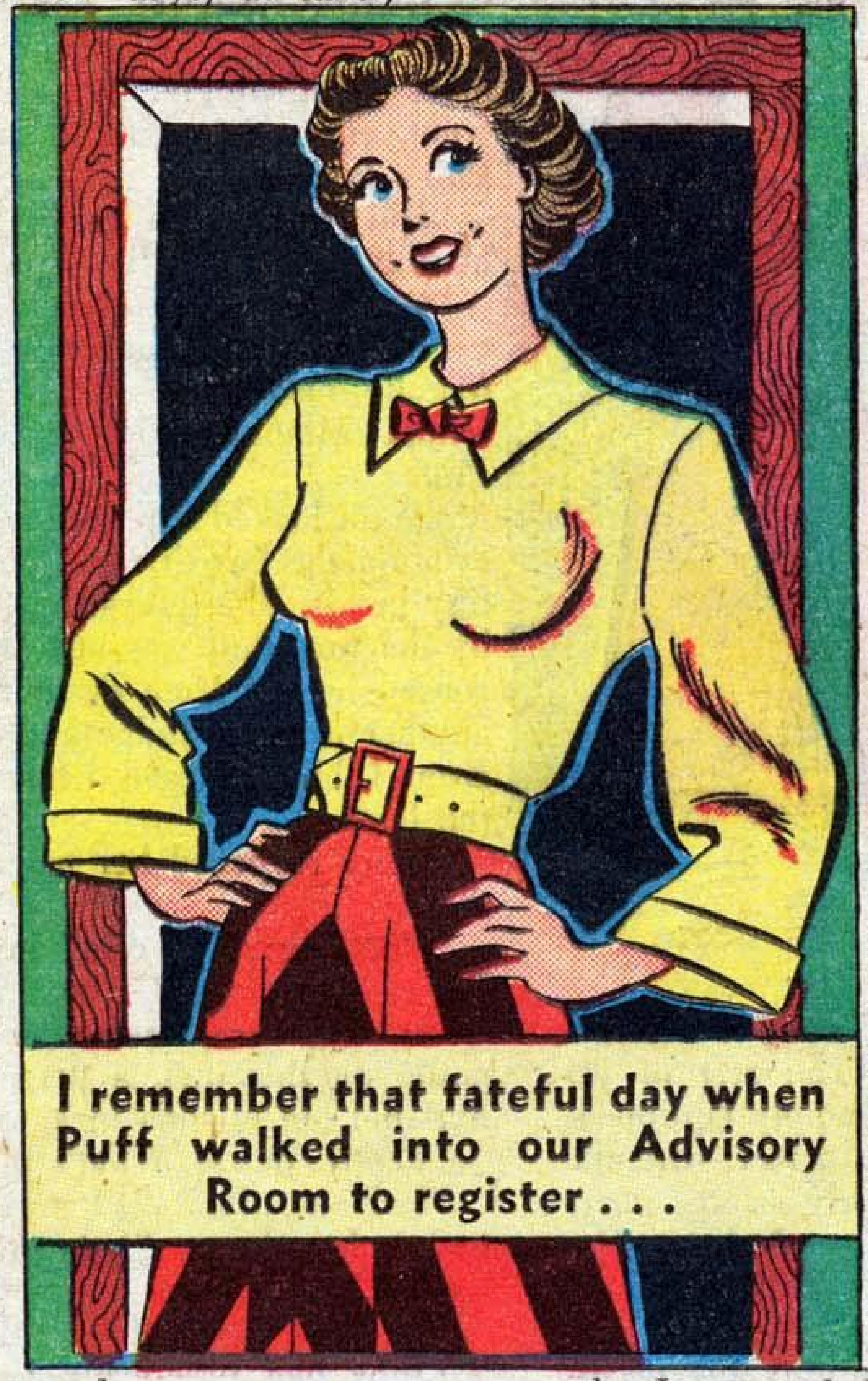

MISS GREY SPEAKING... SEROLOGY...
MISS GREY, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE AS SOON AS YOU CAN ARRANGE IT! THIS IS DR. MORTON!
BEFORE YOU BEGIN, DOCTOR MORTON-- I WANT TO TENDER MY RESIGNATION! I REALIZE THAT SUCH AN ERROR IS UNFORGIVABLE!
PENNY, IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT! YOU HAVE A NOTION THAT HUMAN BEINGS ARE MACHINES AND IF THEY GET OUT OF LINE-- YOU JUST THROW THEM AWAY!
I HAD REACHED A STATE WHERE MY RESERVE, MY POISE, EVERYTHING LEFT ME! I LOVED ROGER AND I'D FAILED HIM! BOTH AS A WOMAN AND AS A TRUSTED EMPLOYEE...
ROGER, DON'T, PLEASE! FIRE ME-- THROW THE BOOK AT ME-- BUT DON'T TRY TO EXCUSE ME! I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO HOLD A TEST TUBE AGAIN!
I DON'T PLAN TO DO EITHER, PENNY! FIRST, I BELIEVE IN GIVING EVERYONE A SECOND CHANCE AND SECONDLY, I DON'T EXCUSE YOU!
NONE OF US ARE PERFECT, PENNY! IN FACT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO MAKE A MISTAKE, JUST TO PROVE YOU WERE HUMAN! I KNEW YOU WERE CAPABLE-- THAT YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL! BUT HUMAN, AND HUMBLE-- THAT I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL NOW!
I HAD HIGH HOPES FOR YOU WHEN YOU SHOWED YOU WERE JEALOUS OF MY PRETTY PATIENT, MISS DILLINGHAM!
DON'T, ROGER-- I WAS POISONOUS ABOUT HER!
6
I LOVE YOU, PENNY! I ALWAYS HAVE! BUT I WANTED TO MAKE SURE THE GIRL I MARRIED HAD A HEART AND UNDERSTOOD PEOPLE! I THINK YOU DO, NOW...
ROGER, I'VE BEEN A FOOL-- A JEALOUS, CALLOUS FOOL! BUT I LOVE YOU... AND ANYTHING YOU WANT ME TO BE, I AM, DEAR!
THE END

generously distributed as handbills.

Also, Puff had dimples, naturally curly brown hair, wide blue eyes, and was surrounded by that subtle aura of well-being which comes only from having enough hot fudge sundaes.

I was absorbing Puff's characteristics when someone whistled from the back of the room. I swiveled around. My ugliest suspicions were confirmed. Biff's mouth was pursed for another. Other boys joined in. Premonition socked me in the midriff.

Then I rallied feebly. I told myself encouragingly that Puff was a novelty that would soon wear off. A few hours, a few days, at most, and the local stag line would start calling her Fatso, when they called her at all.


I remember that fateful day when Puff walked into our Advisory Room to register . . .

I was never more mistaken. Puff's novelty, or whatever it was, didn't wear off. Four ghastly weeks stumbled by and you could still, any day in the week, locate Puff Turner by the number of boys surrounding her. Among them, alas, was Biff.

Penny's voice roused me. "Now," she was saying thoughtfully, "if a girl can lose five pounds or so a week, she can gain 'em, too, can't she?"

I nodded. "I did, last summer at camp, but what's that got—"

"I get it!" Blue leapt up, skidded on the hearth rug, and almost fell into the fire. "I see what Penny's getting at!"

"On a short, small-boned person like Puff," said Penny, "five extra pounds wouldn't look so enticing."

"You mean—" I stared.

Penny nodded. "She couldn't stand those extra pounds, Puff couldn't. There'd be a tummy, and at least one double chin."

We all gaped at her, fascinated. For the first time in weeks, I began to feel that, after all, life could be beautiful.

"But—how?" we demanded in unison.

"Remember my Aunt Bertie? The one we spent the weekend with before we went to camp?"

Remember Aunt Bertie? How could we ever forget! We all sat there and simply drooled. Penny's wonderful Aunt Bertie!

I shut my eyes. Every delicious dish we had had that golden, gorgeous weekend at Aunt Bertie's floated before me . . . the delicately browned apple dumplings simmering in syrupy fragrance . . . the old-fashioned buttermilk pancakes, crisp around the edges . . . the juicy blueberry pie, so tender-crusted it melted at the touch of your fork . . . the sumptuous fried chicken . . . the home-smoked ham baked in cranberry juice . . . the apple coffee cake, hot from the oven, with butter melting onto it . . .

Ah, heavenly, heavenly weekend! Did I mention the three-layer chocolate cake, the creamed onion soup, the currant rolls and warm homemade bread?

Blue's shout jerked me from the clinging memories.

"Oh, Penny, what a marvelous idea! You mean we'll have a houseparty at Aunt Bertie's farm and invite Puff? Penny, you *genius*!"

Penny extricated herself from Blue's stranglehold, and straightened her glasses. "All of us wouldn't need to go. I thought just Puff and I—"

Bedlam broke out.

"Let *you* bear the entire responsibility alone?" I shouted indignantly above the noise. "Penny, we wouldn't think of it! No," I said firmly, "this is a project for all of us."

And so it was decided. Penny was to persuade her Aunt Bertie and Uncle Todd to let us come. I was chosen, as president, to persuade Puff.

Aunt Bertie's consent came through on schedule. Then it was up to me to tackle Puff. I was almost afraid to ask her. After all, we hadn't been exactly friendly to Puff since she had entered our school.

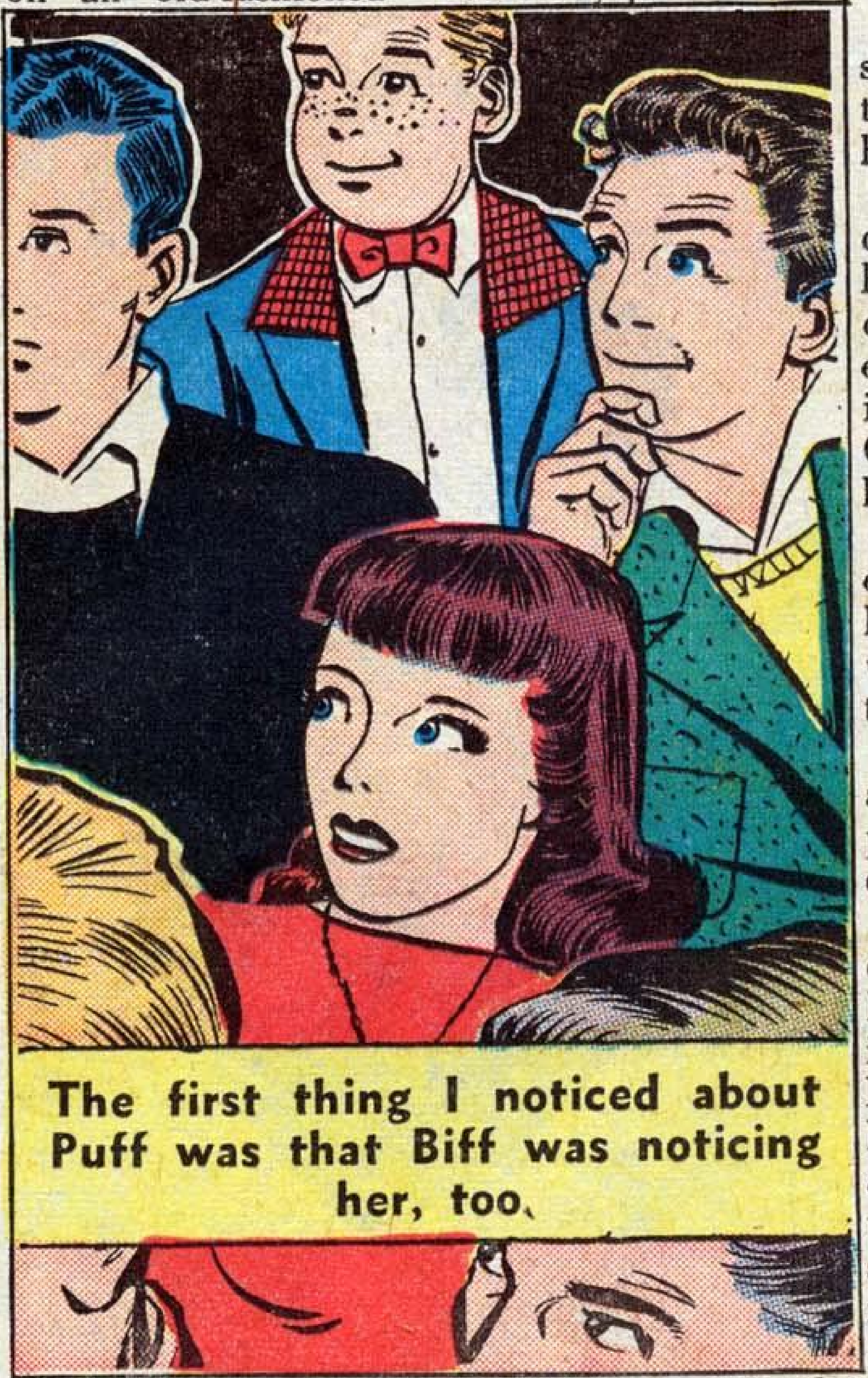
Puff's first reaction was blank bewilderment. She thought she hadn't heard correctly. I repeated doggedly. Then Puff took a deep breath and pounced upon the invitation. I realized, suddenly, that in spite of all her dates, Puff must be lonesome sometimes. I mean, what's the fun of boy friends if you haven't any girl friends to talk them over with?

We arrived at Blue Creek Farm the Friday evening school let out for spring vacation. That gave us approximately eight days to work on Puff.

The minute Puff walked into Aunt Bertie's kitchen that first night and sniffed the spareribs and dressing in the oven, saw the apples frying in the skillet, her eyes brightened and you could see she felt right at home. At supper, Puff took second helpings—and thirds. So did we, to encourage her.

When, at last, Aunt Bertie carried in huge dishes of floating island pudding, a unanimous sigh of pure content circled the table. We were all united in culinary bliss. I even felt mellow toward Puff, because, after all, wasn't she responsible for our being here?

The next day, the operation we referred to privately as S-P, or Stuffing Puff, proceeded. We decided on plenty of fresh air to increase her appetite, but no long walks or other strenuous exercise which might discourage budding ounces. Our costume was to be baggy slacks and pullovers, weight concealers.


The first thing I noticed about Puff was that Biff was noticing her, too.

Mornings we led Puff lazily along the creek or through the woods, picking wild flowers. Sunny afternoons we spent on the wide veranda, reading and listening to records on an old-fashioned victrola. Occasionally we exerted ourselves enough to wander out to watch Uncle Todd ploughing fields.

Sometimes Uncle Todd drove us into town—they had to get a lot of supplies that week. Evenings, we made fudge, divinity or taffy.

We waited on Puff hand and foot, bought her candy, steered her carefully away from the scales. Puff was very agreeable to anything we wanted to do. She was apparently having a wonderful time. Which gave me a twinge once in a while, until I forced myself to remember Biff and his nice slow grin and wide shoulders. After all, I told myself, Puff would be a lot better off without so many boy friends. They took her mind off her school work.

Puff and Aunt Bertie took to each other at once. When Aunt Bertie was getting a meal, Puff hung happily over the stove, tasting and testing. Also, I'm sure Puff used to raid the icebox after the rest of us were all asleep, because once, on the same errand myself, I ran into her, bending down in the center of the kitchen floor. I guess she was confused about the location of the icebox. Anyhow, she looked guilty and mumbled something about a drink, which didn't fool me at all.

Finally, after eight days of sleeping and stuffing, it was time to leave. Aunt Bertie outdid herself that last Saturday. There were roast ducklings with butternut dressing, cloud-light mashed potatoes, French fried onions, crisp and pungent, escalloped corn, winter squash and, for dessert, large succulent wedges of mince and apple pie, drenched in thick country cream and served with soft yellow cheese.

We managed at last to pull ourselves away from the table and struggle upstairs to dress for the trip home. Only Puff lingered a moment to help clear the table and, I suspected, snaffle the leftovers.

In the room which Penny and I shared with Puff, I was just becoming aware of an ugly fact when an anguished wail came from across the hall, where the other four were dressing.

I looked at Penny. "You go," I said bleakly. "My skirt doesn't seem to. Zip, I mean. Something's stuck, probably."

"Probably you," said Penny callously. She is the thin, wiry type, who can eat anything and not gain. "Carol, I don't like to say this, but you've certainly put on—"

"Then don't say it!" I snapped. "Go and see what the trouble is across the hall. I can get along."

Alone, I staggered to the cracked mirror over the highboy. I couldn't see all of me, but I could see enough. There was, I faced it, considerably more of Carol Saunders than there had been a week ago.

Why hadn't anyone warned me? I knew why. We had all been too busy watching Puff to pay attention to ourselves.

Penny came back from across the hall, her face pink. She seemed to be choking.

"Blue can't b-button her d-dress up in back," she burbled. "They're pinning it loosely with safety pins. Luckily, she has her swing back coat." She looked over at me, dabbing at her eyes under her glasses. "Let's see, you just have your fitted coat, don't you?"

"Yes, I have!" I bit out. Ordinarily, I consider Penny my best friend. At that moment, I loathed her.

Refusing her offers of aid, I tied my long silk scarf around my waist so the ends hung over—over the opening where the buttons wouldn't unite.

"Splendid," spluttered Penny. Then, a giggle oozing out, "Peanuts will have to borrow something from Aunt Bertie, I guess. Nothing fits!" There was a regular cascade of giggles then. "And you ought to see Libby in that new suit her mother knitted her!" Her hands wove in and out expressively. She collapsed on the bed, rolling back and forth with disgusting lack of control. In between rolls, she managed to choke out the additional tidbit that it looked as if poor Flower would have to wear her slacks and pullover home.

"Ve-ry funny," I said. Bitterly, I advanced toward Penny, brandishing a shoe. "You and your bright ideas!"

"No, Carol, no!" she yelled, sobering. "Wait—reconsider! Remember Puff!"

Trudging gloomily downstairs, accompanied by the mournful sound of straining buttons and ripping seams, the rest of us met Puff hurrying up.

"I'll be right with you—as soon as I slip into my clothes," she said cheerfully.

"Slip is hardly the word," murmured Penny.

Puff glanced at her inquiringly, then hurried on.

Downstairs on the porch, bidding Aunt Bertie farewell, we waited breathlessly for Puff. After all, we comforted ourselves, it was going to be worth it, wasn't it, to see Puff's mysterious glamour go glimmering?

There were quick footsteps. We all looked up eagerly.

"Why, Puff!" gasped Peanuts, who found her voice first, "you don't look—why, you look just the same, practically! I mean, you haven't gained a bit, have you?"

"Oh, maybe a pound or two, what with these super meals," said Puff carelessly. She smiled at Aunt Bertie, who beamed back at her. "But I exercised in the kitchen at night after everyone was asleep, so as not to disturb you all. Also, the foundation I have on covers a—a multitude of sins." She winked gayly.

Puff's foundation covered a multitude of *our* sins, all right. Bitterly, I made a mental note to ask her where she got it. Then we turned and walked quietly out to Uncle Todd's waiting car. No one spoke to Penny on the way home, except Puff, who was in high spirits.

Came blue Monday. Wearing an old dress of Puff's, which she had kindly lent me, and my big sister Louisa's blazer, I crawled to school. Ordinarily, it had been my custom to sort of wait around casually outside Biff's house, in case he should happen to lope out.

But not today.

All morning I avoided him. At noon, I was rounding a corner on my way not to eat lunch, when I ran smack into Biff.

"Hi, Carol," he began in a disinterested tone. Then, suddenly, he did a double-take. "Hey Carol!" He stared.

I tried to turn and melt miserably into the wall, but Biff put his big hands on my shoulders, pinioning me in front of him. "Here, let me look at you. Wow! What on earth have you done to yourself anyway?"

I gulped.

"Why, Carol, you look super! Baby! I've never seen you look so—so—"

Several minutes and sentences later I was finally convinced that he meant the sugary phrases he was sprinkling my way. Actually! According to Biff, my eyes were brighter, my cheeks rosier, my—well, I was, er, well—filled out, sort of, he stammered.

"Say-y," he said, "how about a snack with me at the Candy Bar? Or did you bring your lunch today?"

I shook my head. I didn't tell him I hadn't planned to eat anything.

When the waitress set our desserts before us, two luscious banana splits, I dug into mine ravenously.

Biff reached over and patted my free hand approvingly. "I like a girl who enjoys the food I buy her. I feel like I'm getting my money's worth. You know, you always used to kind of toy with sundaes before . . . as if you were sort of afraid of them. But not now!"

I nodded happily. No more diets for me. I had begun to live.

"Uh, how about the Field Day Dance?" asked Biff awkwardly.

How about it! I choked on my cherry, and managed to burble out an acceptance.

Monday evening the Minute Maids filed into my rumpus room. I called the meeting to order.

"We shall review the results of our current project. Will you state the problem, Penny?"

"To subdue Puff Turner by plying her with calories for eight straight days," said Penny tersely.

"And the results, please, Peanuts?" I inquired.

Peanuts detached an all-day sucker from her bridgework. "Pete Foster bid me to the Field Day Dance," she mumbled happily.

"Jeff Peabody asked me to go walking with him this afternoon," Flower added, savoring each word as if it were a chocolate buttercream.

From the hassock, Libby's voice drawled, "I trip over Rolf every time I turn around."

And so the meeting continued, until we finally decided to take action—but not in the form of exercises.

Together, we managed to scrape up enough time to initiate Puff into the Minute Maids—though it was pretty hard to sandwich a ceremony into our overloaded dating schedules!

THE END

FOOD FOR - FUN

SKEWER MAGIC . . .

Skewer cookery need not always be associated with the great outdoors. If you've a good grill or broiler in your kitchen, you can turn out a perfectly good "shish-kebab" right at home.

Alternate plump chicken livers, bacon, mushrooms and button onions on long skewers; brush with melted butter; season with salt and pepper; and broil just a few minutes until the lineup is tender but not mushy or overdone. During the broiling process, baste the ingredients with the pan drippings.

Serve the skewers on large plates with a large bunch of crisp watercress alongside.

MEXICAN WEDDING CAKES . . .

A Mexican wedding would not be complete without these rich, tasty little cookies. If you want to serve an unusual and romantic treat to your guests, we recommend this recipe.

Cream ½ of a cup of butter with ½ of a cup of shortening. Stir in one teaspoon of vanilla, two cups of enriched flour, and one cup of chopped California walnuts. Mix well, then shape into small balls and place on an ungreased cookie sheet.

Bake the cookies in a hot oven for about ten minutes. While they are still warm, roll them in confectioner's sugar. Store the cookies overnight before serving.

PUFFY POPOVERS . . .

If you've ever made popovers, you know that the recipe you use has a lot to do with their success. This one is a sure winner—and it's simple, too!

Sift a cup of flour with ¼ of a teaspoon of salt. Add *gradually* a cup of milk, two well-beaten eggs, and a tablespoon of melted butter. Beat hard with a rotary beater or electric mixer for eight minutes. Then pour into greased, red-hot popover pans. Bake at 400 degrees for half an hour; then reduce the heat to 325 degrees and bake for 15 minutes more.

Don't open the oven door while the popovers are baking, and the result should really be something to talk about!

CHEESE CHIPS . . .

When you have the gang in after school someday surprise them by serving potato chips spread with this cheese mixture, and soda pop.

Mix together in a bowl five packages of cream cheese, about three tablespoons of capers and two tablespoons of finely-chopped onion. Add a tube of anchovy paste, and season with a dash of Worcestershire sauce, two teapsoons of dry mustard, a pinch of cayenne, four tablespoons of chopped chives and one tablespoon of caraway seeds.

Blend thoroughly, spread on potato chips or thin crackers before serving.

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The Charm-Glo double treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success yet costs you only a few cents daily. It has worked wonders in many cases of externally caused skin troubles. I guarantee Charm-Glo double treatment to help you too or your money will be refunded and it will cost you nothing. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Your dream of a lovely clear skin may come true in ten days or less.

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the store at three.

Mr. Peters remembered their camp site well. "Until twenty years ago, it was owned by Miss Lily Belle Burton," he wheezed. "She loved children and she loved nature. No one could hurt a leaf on her land, but anyone could come and enjoy its beauty. Mr. Marlow bought the place after the old lady passed on. He put up 'no trespassing' signs and cut the pine for his paper mill." Mr. Peters tapped his pipe thoughtfully. "I reckon Miss Lily would turn over in her grave if she knew." He leaned across the counter. "Some say she *does* know and comes out of her grave at night, mad as a wet hen!"

"What do you want to investigate next, Sherlock?" Livia said on the way back to camp.

"The carrousel," Gary answered. "I want to see if anyone was hiding in that undergrowth when we were there last night."

A thorough search revealed no sign of other visitors. "Looks like only a ghost could have started it," Gary muttered finally.

"The ghost of Lily Belle, haunting the Marlows," Livia suggested coyly.

Approaching the camp again, they saw Dora Marlow talking to a young man several years older than they. She left him and ran to Gary. "I've been looking for you," Dora purred. "Mother asked me to invite you to dinner tonight." She leaned across Gary toward Livia. "You'll excuse us if we don't ask you, too. We have enough girls. We need an extra man."

"I understand," said Livia.

Then Dora introduced the young man to them, a college boy who worked for her father during the summer. His name, she told them, was Leslie Burton.

While Gary dined with the Marlows, Livia had plenty to do. It was almost eleven before she crawled into bed. Her heart ached remembering how obviously flattered and pleased Gary was at Dora's invitation. Livia had always been a pal to Gary—honest and forthright. He'd often said he admired her spunk and stamina. But did he really prefer the helpless type like Dora? What could she do? Gary undoubtedly was investigating this business of the carrousel because of Dora. If Livia continued to help him, would she be playing into Dora's hands?

She glanced at her watch, and realized that she had been staring at it for almost an hour! Now its hands were creeping toward midnight. For a moment, the forest lay in perfect stillness. Then the dismal shriek of the calliope began again. This time the the tune was an old Irish folksong.

A moment later, Gary scratched on the window screen. "Do you want to go over there again?" he asked.

"I'll be with you in a minute," Livia replied.

"*Good girl!*" he said approvingly.

They crept toward the glade and cautiously parted the branches. The moon-drenched carrousel was moving eerily to the dismal tune of the calliope. Shreds of drifting mist framed the weird scene.

"You take the bottom part of the glade, and I'll take the upper," Gary whispered. "Watch closely for anything that moves."

In a moment she felt Gary stiffen beside her. She followed his fear-glazed eyes to a dead tree. There, over a thick clump of brambles, writhed a white shape. It jerked and twitched as though in ghastly agony or, perhaps, in horrible glee. The shrieks from the merry-go-round or the wails of the calliope might have been its hideous voice.

It was too much for Gary. In an instant, he was flying back through the woods, pulling Livia after him. At the camp, she fell against him, gasping for breath. "Heaven knows what it was," he said into her ear, "but it *wasn't* a ghost. There's no such thing."

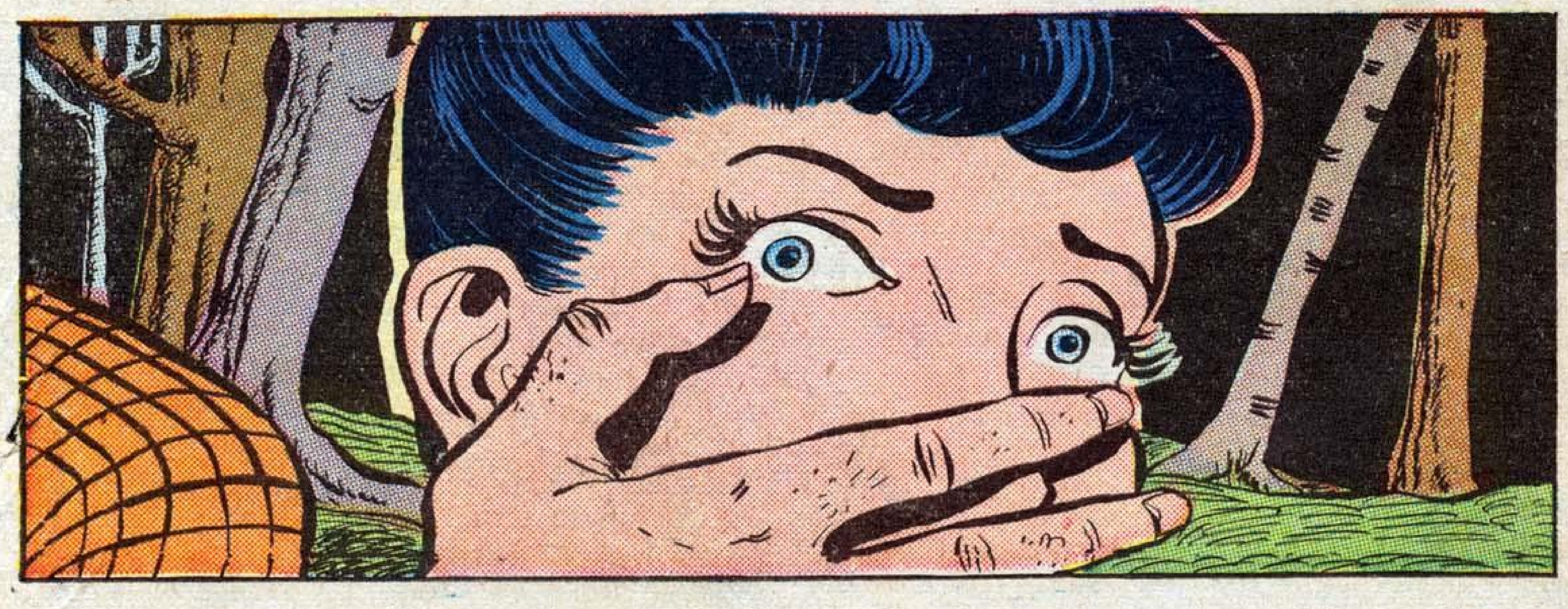
"It was horrible," Livia agreed.

"A fine detective I'd make," he said scornfully. "I'd run from my own shadow. I've got to learn what this is all about."

"When we find out what the trick is meant to accomplish, we'll know where to start investigating," Livia said.

"That's obvious," Gary replied. "Someone is trying to frighten Dora—and the Marlows. She might be in real danger."

"I think we should look at Miss Lily Belle's



A hand covered Livia's mouth. "Be quiet," a tense voice whispered.

house," Livia suggested. "It's on the other side of the property."

Gary grinned at her admiringly. "Good," he said, "we'll do it tomorrow!"

The sun was beginning to set when Livia and Gary made their way toward Miss Lily Belle's house the next day. They paused on a little rise and looked down on the decaying structure, half lost among the huge elms and untrimmed lilac bushes.

"Wait here," Gary said. "I'll take a quick look around first." He crept quietly away through the undergrowth.

While watching the house for Gary's reappearance, Livia saw a thin wisp of smoke spiral from the rear chimney into the quiet dusk.

After what seemed an eternity to her, there was movement again in the undergrowth, and Gary scrambled back up the rise. "I didn't find out much," he said, dropping down beside her. "There are four or five men in the kitchen there—I was trying to listen to their conversation, but I heard someone coming." He was leaning forward, his eyes on the house. "Look!" he said.

In the fading sunlight, they saw a figure approach the house. He knocked on the front door and was admitted. A moment later he came out and went back along the lane. Gary stared at Livia in amazement. The man was Leslie Burton.

"Why didn't I think of it before?" Gary exclaimed. "Leslie Burton and Lily Belle Burton! He's probably her son! Perhaps he feels the way Lily Belle did and hates the Marlows for turning her land into a paper mill." Gary jumped up. "I'm going to follow him."

"I'll stay and watch what the men in the house do," Livia said.

Gary squeezed her shoulder and was gone.

Livia waited only until Gary was out of sight. Then she crept to the house. Through a window she saw five men assembling some kind of machine. A minute later she was hurrying away through the woods.

At ten o'clock Livia was back in her room. She had not seen or heard from Gary, and she waited for him nervously. She jumped when she heard a knock on her door. To her surprise, Dora Marlow entered. "I hear you and Gary have been whooping around, trying to find out who's running that silly merry-go-round," she said.

Livia nodded. Had Dora seen Gary recently, she thought to herself, and had he told her about Leslie and the men they had seen in Lily Belle's house?

"I appreciate your efforts," Dora drawled. "There are always people envious of a man like Father, but they can't frighten us or bother us. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Livia said.

"Good. Then you can forget the whole thing," Dora said.

"Be glad to," Livia said, adding, "you might do the same with Gary."

Dora laughed and went to the door. "Gary's fun," she said. "He's so droll and serious. But you can have him back when he ceases to amuse me."

Livia had not heard from Gary by half past eleven. Dora's words still irritated her. At least Gary's impressed with my courage, she thought, as she crept out of the cabin and started, alone, through the forest.

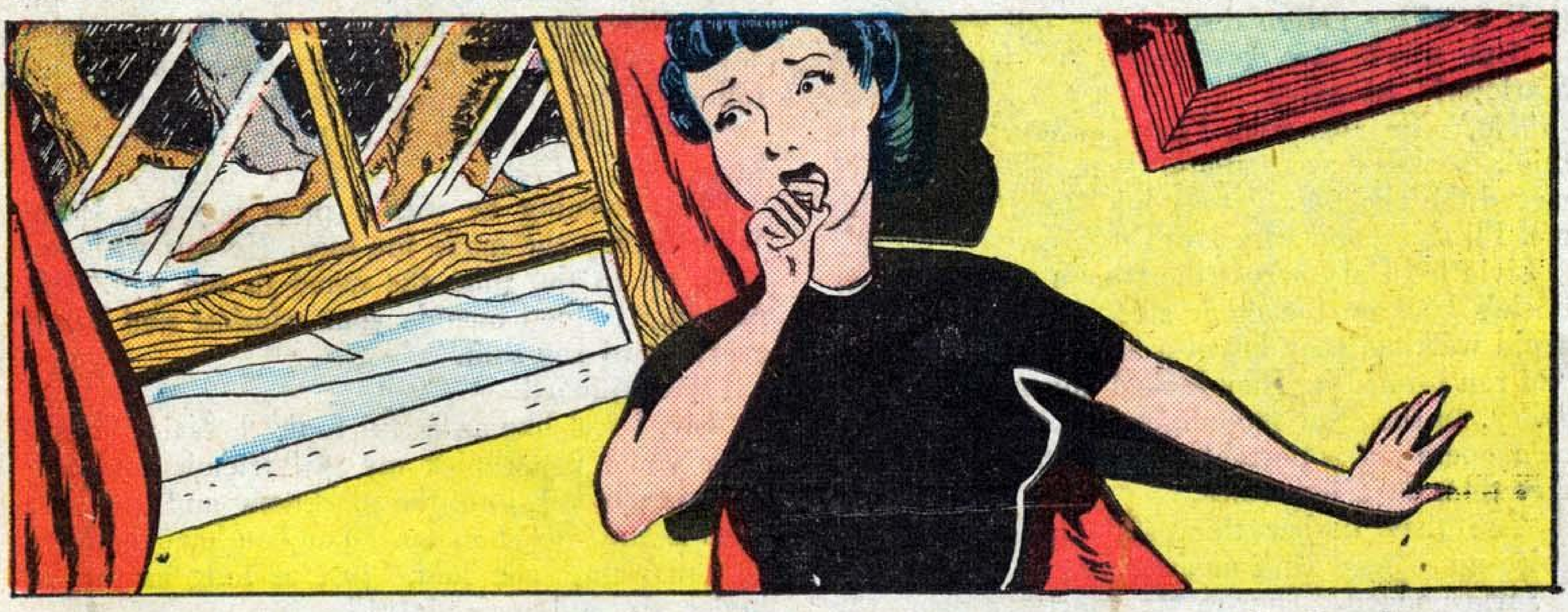
Her heart pounded as she approached the old merry-go-round again. A cloud slid momentarily over the moon, plunging the forest into blackness. Inching forward, her hand came down on something warm and alive. It was another human hand. Even as she realized it, the hand jerked from under her's and covered her mouth. "Be quiet," a tense voice whispered.

"Gary!" she choked. "What are you doing here?"

"We're going to have another performance tonight, and this time *we'll see* who stages it."

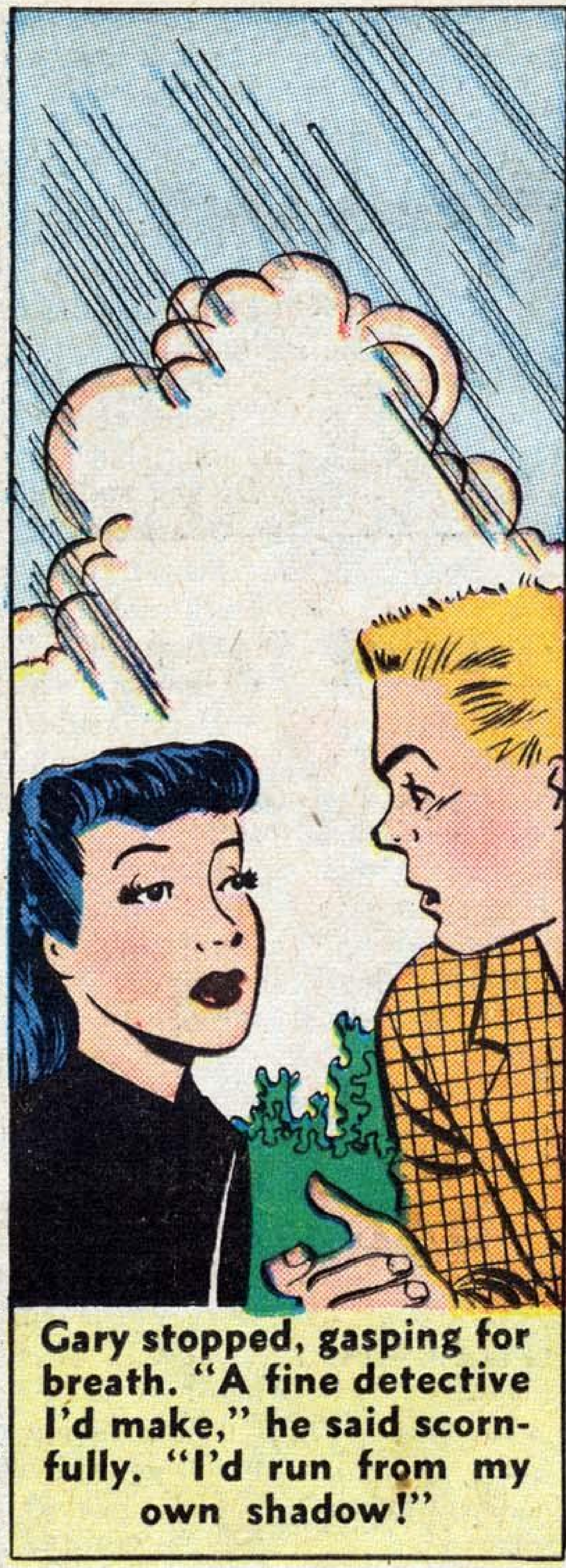
Livia relaxed slowly. Gary's presence was always reassuring.

"I've found part of the answer," he continued. "That bramble thicket covers an old steam engine. The ghost is a piece of mosquito netting over the escape valve. When the engine gets going, the escap-



Livia gradually became aware of a metallic moaning through the forest.

ing steam makes the cloth wiggle."


Gary stopped, gasping for breath. "A fine detective I'd make," he said scornfully. "I'd run from my own shadow!"

"Where does the steam come from?" Livia asked.

"Water is heated in a boiler. It's printed on the boiler that four pounds of steam operate the carrousel," he said. He gripped her arm. "Livia, there's a fire in that boiler right now, and the gauge shows there's almost four pounds already. At twelve someone need only come and throw the clutch. We'll see who it is."

Livia was thoughtful. "Wouldn't it be possible for someone to figure out how long it takes to get up four pounds and leave the clutch *on*?" she asked. "Then the carrousel would start as soon as the steam was up."

Gary considered her remark. "Yes, that would be possible—even practical, Liv," he said. "We'll just have to wait and hope that someone does show up."

The time passed silently. The minute hand on Livia's watch dragged slowly toward midnight. At last both hands pointed to twelve. The glade was bathed in light from the full moon. Livia sighed and stood up.

"Get *down*, Liv!" Gary whispered.

But Livia ignored his words and broke through the branches and ran toward the carrousel. She heard Gary behind her. As soon as she reached the engine, she set the tune indicator with a practiced movement. Gary reached her then, and turned her around. "*You?*" he said.

Livia nodded, smiling.

With a shrill wail the calliope began to play, this time a cowboy song. The wooden horses began their creaking gallop through the tall weeds.

"But *why*? Are you trying to frighten the Marlows?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "but I wanted people to think someone was doing that. That's why I rigged the ghost." She took his hand. "Come with me. I'll show you why I did it."

Livia led Gary across the stream and on to her uncle's land on the other side. After an hour of rapid walking, they heard a shrill whining sound and ran toward it. They looked down into a small valley. In the clear moonlight they could see four men operating a portable saw. A fifth man gave directions in a low voice.

"Are they timber thieves?" Gary asked, his voice underlined with amazement.

Livia nodded. "They're Mr. Marlow's men—the ones we saw in Lily Belle's house."

As they watched the busy scene, other silent forms began to creep in on all sides of the valley. They were state troopers, Livia knew. "Mr. Marlow pays his lumber crews on the basis of how much they bring in," she said. "They're running out of wood on his land. One of the crews started taking Uncle Carl's timber. He complained, but Mr. Marlow wouldn't believe it. Nevertheless, Mr. Marlow agreed to having our camp here as a blind for watching the lumbermen. Every night I followed them from Lily Belle's house to the creek to see if they went north or south. The tune I picked would indicate which direction so that my uncle's men could find them. At first the thieves only marked trees, but when they brought in saws—I was to signal with the tune I played tonight. That brought the troopers."

"Creepers!" Gary said. "Why didn't you let me in on it? I could have helped with that machinery."

"My uncle fixed that. All I had to do was start the fire two hours and twenty minutes before twelve, so that I could signal him at midnight. I would have brought you in on it, but I was angry with you because of Dora."

There was a sudden commotion down below, and the saw stopped. Gary and Livia watched the troopers catch the thieves redhanded. "Mr. Marlow's face ought to be pretty red after this," Livia said as she led Gary down to her uncle's party.

In the car, driving back to camp, Livia felt relief sweep over her. The unpleasant job was done. Now she could concentrate on Gary.

"That Leslie Burton," Gary was saying. "I followed him all evening. I learned plenty."

"He's only an errand boy for Mr. Marlow," Livia said.

"This evening he was a page boy for Dora. What a play she made for him! He was with her right up to the time she came to see you." He paused. "I stood outside your window and heard every word she said."

Livia stiffened.

"Liv, I feel like an awful fool," he said. "Hereafter you'd better pick my girl friends for me."

Livia smiled into the darkness and put her head against his shoulder. "You can have as many as you want," she said, "just as long as they're under six and over sixty!"

THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

CREME CARAMEL . . .

To satisfy anyone's sweet tooth anytime, try this delectable combination of caramel and custard.

Beat four eggs until light and lemon colored. Add them to a quart of scalded milk. Stir in one teaspoon of vanilla and one cup of sugar.

Line a large mold with caramel, made by melting half a cup of sugar and cooking it until it becomes a rich brown color. Be careful not to burn the sugar.

Pour the custard into the caramel-lined mold, set it in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Let cool and then unmold "upside down" on serving platter.

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FOOD FOR FUN

MEXICAN NOODLES . . .

Fry a couple of onions in bacon fat until they are browned lightly. Remove the onions and fry the contents of a package of noodles in the fat until browned. You'll need plenty of fat to prevent burning.

Pour off the fat, put the onions in the pan with the noodles and add two seeded and sliced green peppers, one very hot red pepper and a can of tomatoes with their liquid. Cover the pan and let simmer until the noodles are cooked. Add salt and pepper to taste.

For Girls Only!

Are you in the center of a summer romance? Where'd you meet him? Was it by chance? Are you worried, or happy, or having lots of fun? If you want to tell somebody, let me be the one!

Personally yours,

Polly Parker

Dear Polly,

I'm 17, and I like a boy from another city, who plays in an orchestra. He used to write to me, but he doesn't answer my letters any more. He tells me he has a girl friend. I can't forget him—what shall I do?

D. B.

Dear D. B.,

Aren't you slightly impressed with the glamour and exciting life that surrounds this man? His frankness in telling you that he has a girl friend and his refusal to answer your letters are significant. He's telling you to forget about him, have fun in your home town, and think of your friendship with him as a special, golden MEMORY . . . and nothing else.

Dear Polly,

I used to go with a boy, but we broke up and started going with other people. Now he's broken up with the girl he was dating and wants to go with me again. What shall I do—I have two other boy friends, but I still like him, too.

H. L. M.

Dear H. L. M.,

You're lucky, and I'd certainly like to be in your shoes! It isn't necessary for you to "go" solely with one boy, so date them all, and enjoy yourself! And if you like one fellow more than the others, see him a little bit more—but don't restrict yourself to one boy when you can be the sunshine in the lives of three!

Dear Polly,

In our town there are some boys whom we call "party breakers." Whenever any of us give a party, they always find out about it and crash the party. Now none of our parents will let us have parties. Can you tell us if there's any solution to this problem?

D. C. and B. H.

Dear Girls,

Have you stopped to think WHY these unruly young men crash your get-togethers? I believe you'd find the answer to be: to attract attention. The simplest way to cope with limelight lizards is to ignore them. You and your friends may be making the mistake of creating a big fuss over their intrusions.

If these boys are hoodlums, probably the police should be called in, but if they are just being smart-alecky, act cool and unseeing toward them and you'll be surprised how quickly their bad habits will dissolve!

Dear Polly,

There's a new boy in my history class and he seems very shy. He always speaks to me, but that's as far as it goes. I'd like to have a date with him, but I don't know how to get him to ask me out. What shall I do?

.M. E. B.

Dear M. E. B.,

After class some day, ask him about the assignment, or if he thinks the teacher is tough. If he's new at your school, ask him how he likes it, and if he knows about your Social Club, or the Friday night dances in the gym. If one of your friends is giving a party, see to it that he's invited—then ask him if he's going and tell him you'll see him there.

Unless he's antisocial, he should respond to your friendly interest, and when an occasion that calls for a date comes along, yours will be the first name that will pop into his mind!

Dear Polly,

I'm 17, and I have to fight it out with my parents every time I have a date. They think I'm too inexperienced to go out with boys, and my argument is that if I never have any dates, how will I become experienced? It's reached the point where it's hard for me to talk to my parents without creating a scene. What can I do?

J. S.

POLLY PARKER

Dear J. S.,

You can hold your temper, in the first place. And you can learn to talk with your parents, not argue with them. Your parents love you and want to protect you, and perhaps they think that not letting you date will accomplish their ends. Why don't you invite your crowd over to meet your parents? In this way, Mom and Pops will realize that your associates are as nice as you are.

Earn the confidence of your parents by obeying them. Come home when they tell you to, don't break promises. And, above all, make them your friends and your confidants, and—in time—they will understand your attitude.

Dear Polly,

I'm very fond of a boy and I'm sure he likes me, too. Mother, however, objects to our friendship because he doesn't dance. He's very popular and nice, and doesn't resent my dancing with other boys, as long as I'm happy. What can I do to convince Mother that I like him enough to overlook his not dancing?

N. E. B.

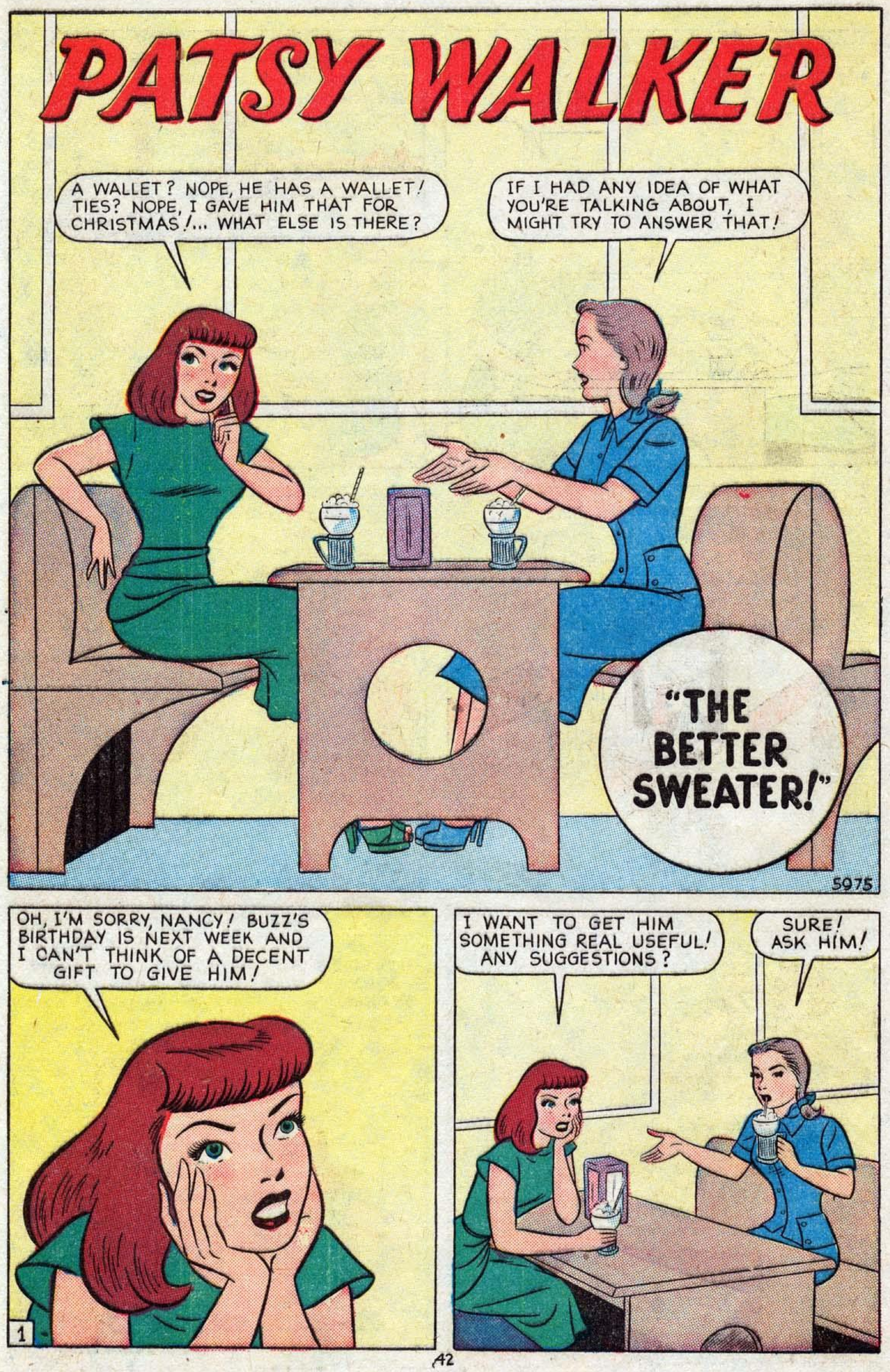
Dear N. E. B.,

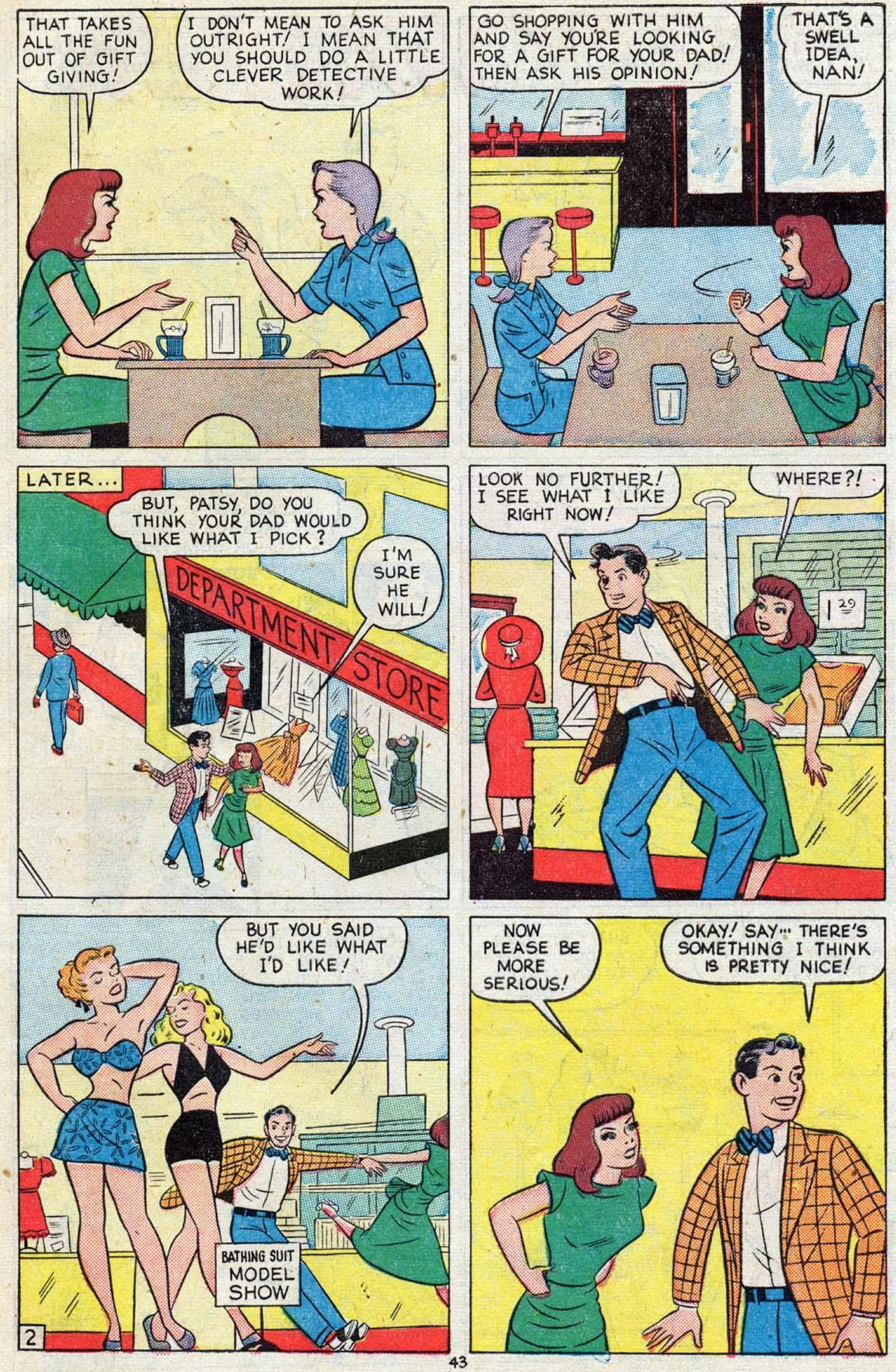
It sounds as though you have a wonderful friend, and he must be a very big person, if he doesn't object to your dancing with other boys . . .

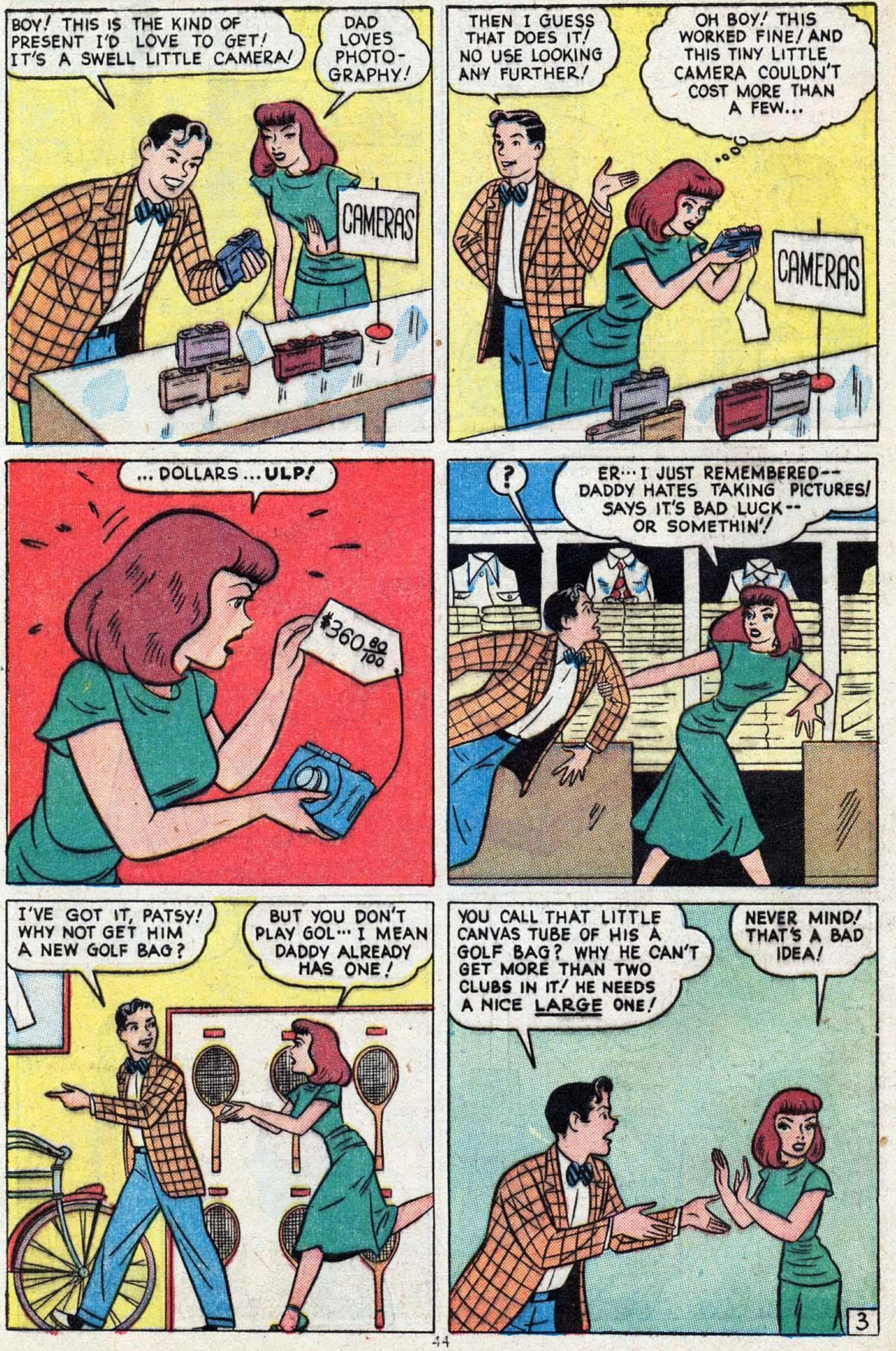
Does your mother know him? It's usually true that the only people parents disapprove of are the ones they don't know!

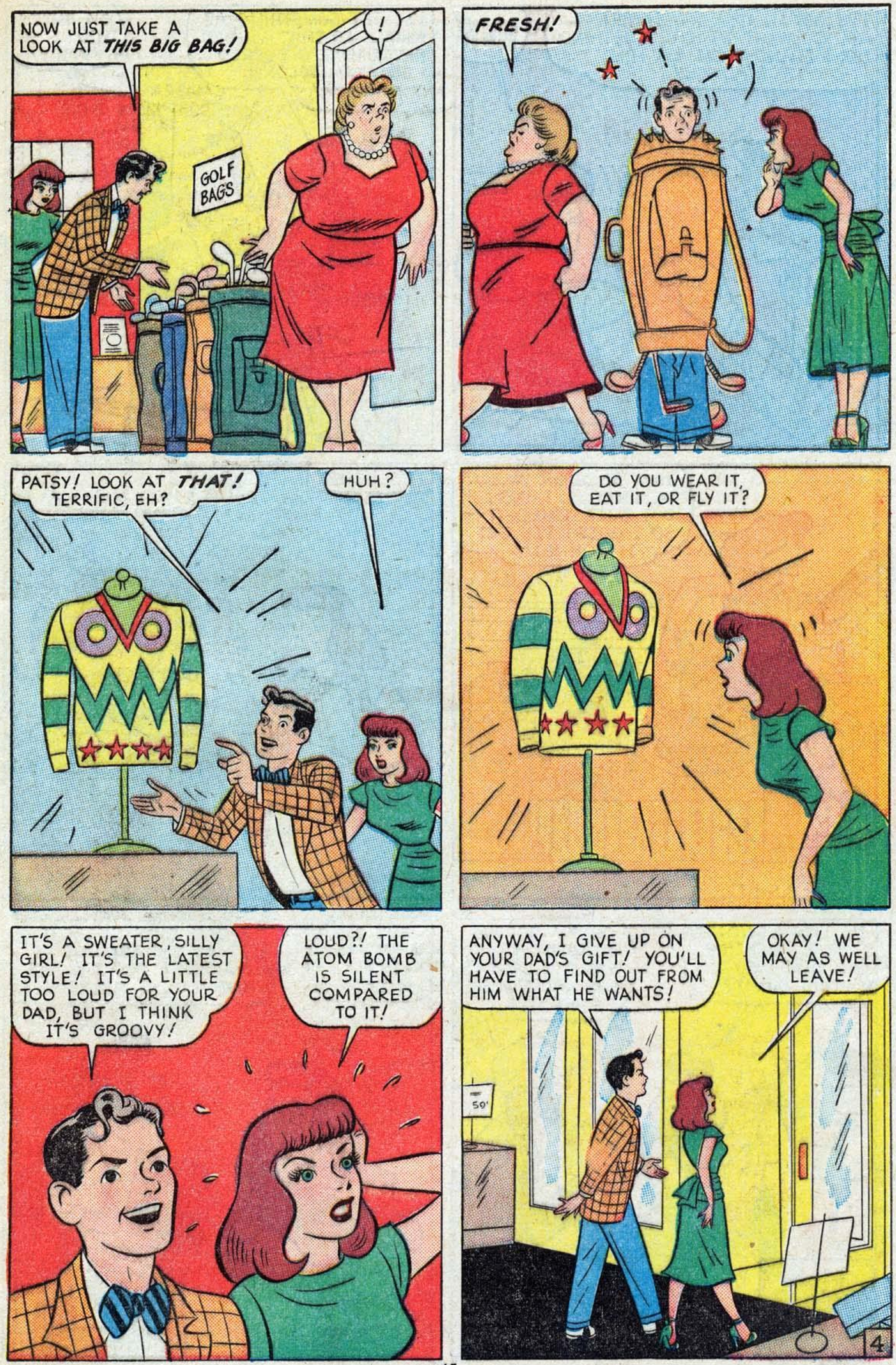
We're sorry, but Miss Parker can only answer letters which are published in her column.

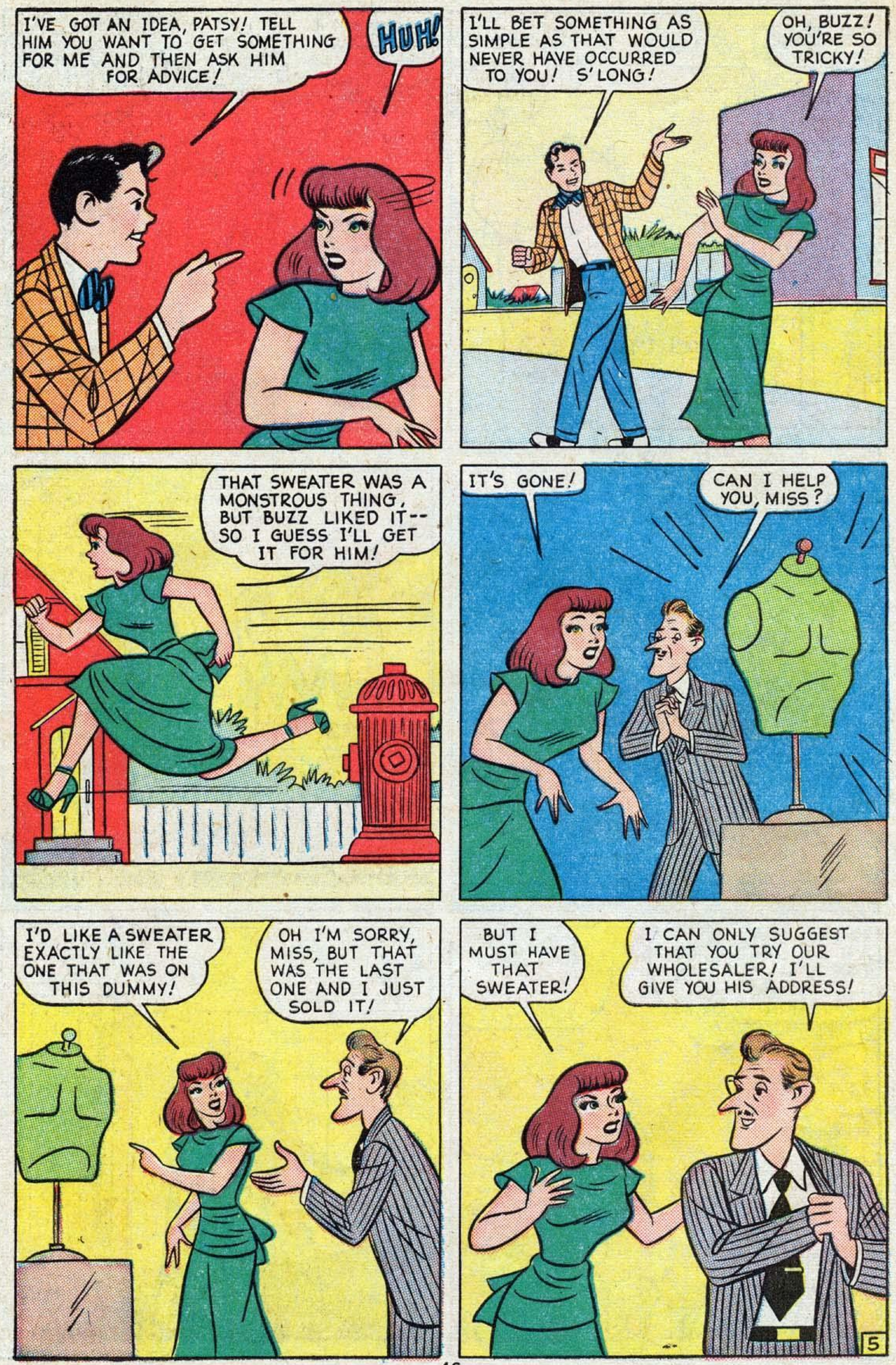
CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

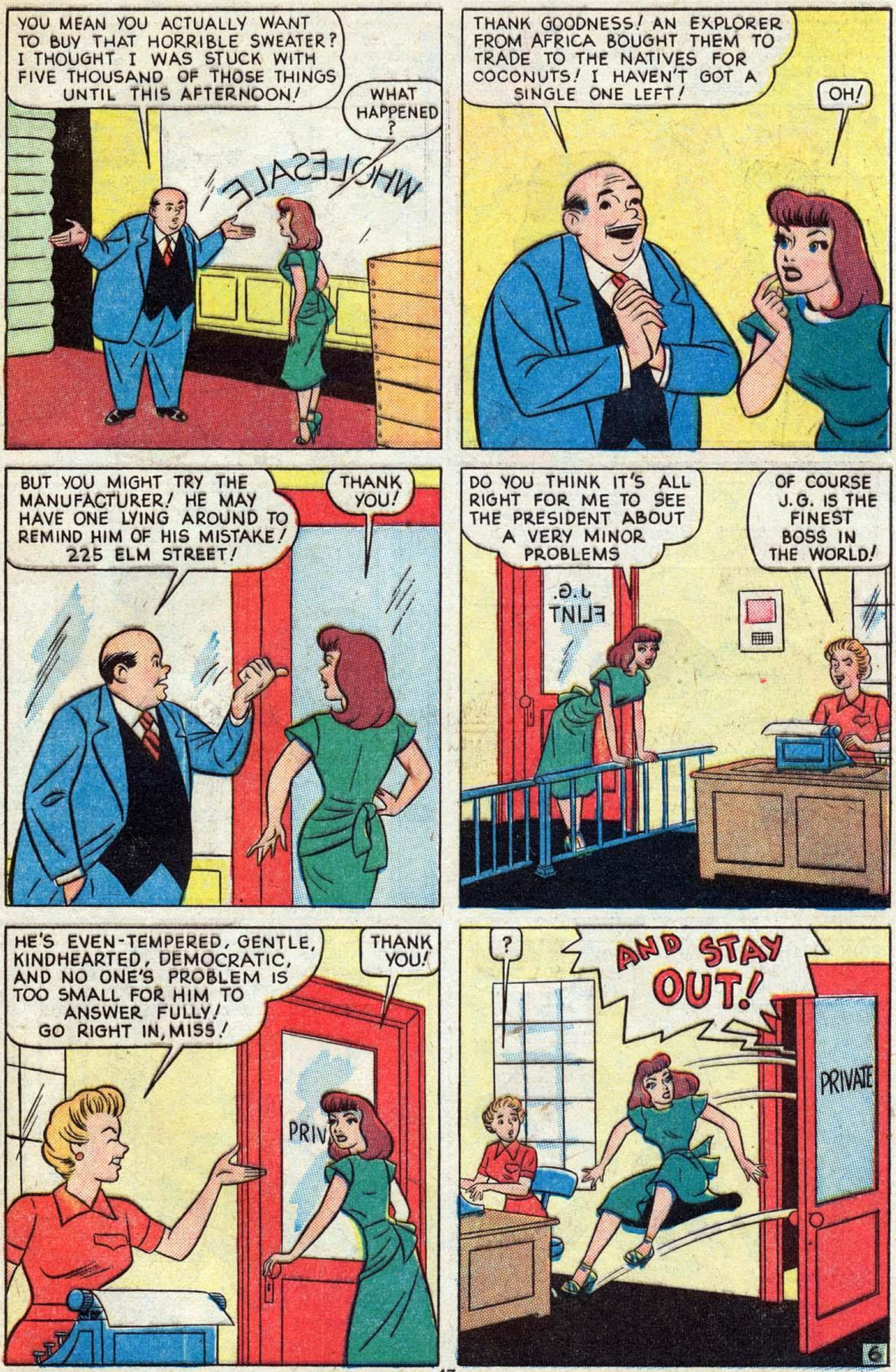

PATSY WALKER
A WALLET? NOPE, HE HAS A WALLET! TIES? NOPE, I GAVE HIM THAT FOR CHRISTMAS!... WHAT ELSE IS THERE?
IF I HAD ANY IDEA OF WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, I MIGHT TRY TO ANSWER THAT!
"THE BETTER SWEATER!"
5975
OH, I'M SORRY, NANCY! BUZZ'S BIRTHDAY IS NEXT WEEK AND I CAN'T THINK OF A DECENT GIFT TO GIVE HIM!
1
I WANT TO GET HIM SOMETHING REAL USEFUL! ANY SUGGESTIONS?
SURE! ASK HIM!

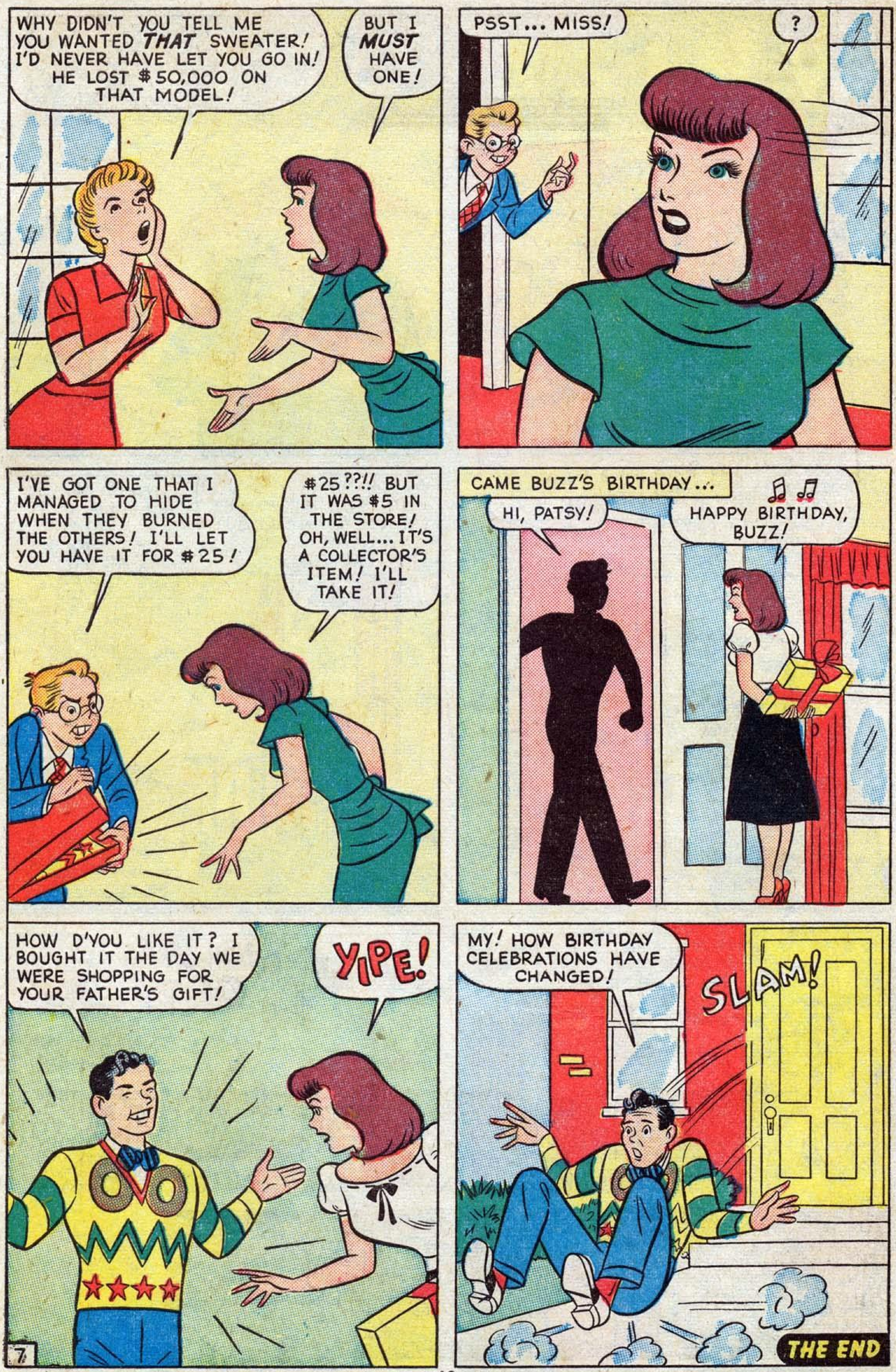

THAT TAKES ALL THE FUN OUT OF GIFT GIVING!
I DON'T MEAN TO ASK HIM OUTRIGHT! I MEAN THAT YOU SHOULD DO A LITTLE CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK!
GO SHOPPING WITH HIM AND SAY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A GIFT FOR YOUR DAD! THEN ASK HIS OPINION!
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, NAN!
LATER...
BUT, PATSY, DO YOU THINK YOUR DAD WOULD LIKE WHAT I PICK?
I'M SURE HE WILL!
DEPARTMENT STORE
LOOK NO FURTHER! I SEE WHAT I LIKE RIGHT NOW!
WHERE?!
1.29
BUT YOU SAID HE'D LIKE WHAT I'D LIKE!
BATHING SUIT MODEL SHOW
2
NOW PLEASE BE MORE SERIOUS!
OKAY! SAY... THERE'S SOMETHING I THINK IS PRETTY NICE!


BOY! THIS IS THE KIND OF PRESENT I'D LOVE TO GET! IT'S A SWELL LITTLE CAMERA!
DAD LOVES PHOTOGRAPHY!
CAMERAS
THEN I GUESS THAT DOES IT! NO USE LOOKING ANY FURTHER!
OH BOY! THIS WORKED FINE! AND THIS TINY LITTLE CAMERA COULDN'T COST MORE THAN A FEW...
CAMERAS
... DOLLARS ... **ULP!**
$360 80/100
?
ER··· I JUST REMEMBERED-- DADDY HATES TAKING PICTURES! SAYS IT'S BAD LUCK-- OR SOMETHIN'!
I'VE GOT IT, PATSY! WHY NOT GET HIM A NEW GOLF BAG?
BUT YOU DON'T PLAY GOL··· I MEAN DADDY ALREADY HAS ONE!
YOU CALL THAT LITTLE CANVAS TUBE OF HIS A GOLF BAG? WHY HE CAN'T GET MORE THAN TWO CLUBS IN IT! HE NEEDS A NICE LARGE ONE!
NEVER MIND! THAT'S A BAD IDEA!
3


NOW JUST TAKE A LOOK AT *THIS BIG BAG!*
!
GOLF BAGS
FRESH!
PATSY! LOOK AT *THAT!* TERRIFIC, EH?
HUH?
DO YOU WEAR IT, EAT IT, OR FLY IT?
IT'S A SWEATER, SILLY GIRL! IT'S THE LATEST STYLE! IT'S A LITTLE TOO LOUD FOR YOUR DAD, BUT I THINK IT'S GROOVY!
LOUD?! THE ATOM BOMB IS SILENT COMPARED TO IT!
ANYWAY, I GIVE UP ON YOUR DAD'S GIFT! YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT FROM HIM WHAT HE WANTS!
OKAY! WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE!
59¢
4


I'VE GOT AN IDEA, PATSY! TELL HIM YOU WANT TO GET SOMETHING FOR ME AND THEN ASK HIM FOR ADVICE!
HUH!
I'LL BET SOMETHING AS SIMPLE AS THAT WOULD NEVER HAVE OCCURRED TO YOU! S'LONG!
OH, BUZZ! YOU'RE SO TRICKY!
THAT SWEATER WAS A MONSTROUS THING, BUT BUZZ LIKED IT-- SO I GUESS I'LL GET IT FOR HIM!
IT'S GONE!
CAN I HELP YOU, MISS?
I'D LIKE A SWEATER EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE THAT WAS ON THIS DUMMY!
OH I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT THAT WAS THE LAST ONE AND I JUST SOLD IT!
BUT I MUST HAVE THAT SWEATER!
I CAN ONLY SUGGEST THAT YOU TRY OUR WHOLESALER! I'LL GIVE YOU HIS ADDRESS!
5


YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO BUY THAT HORRIBLE SWEATER? I THOUGHT I WAS STUCK WITH FIVE THOUSAND OF THOSE THINGS UNTIL THIS AFTERNOON!
WHAT HAPPENED ?
WHOLESALE
THANK GOODNESS! AN EXPLORER FROM AFRICA BOUGHT THEM TO TRADE TO THE NATIVES FOR COCONUTS! I HAVEN'T GOT A SINGLE ONE LEFT!
OH!
BUT YOU MIGHT TRY THE MANUFACTURER! HE MAY HAVE ONE LYING AROUND TO REMIND HIM OF HIS MISTAKE! 225 ELM STREET!
THANK YOU!
DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO SEE THE PRESIDENT ABOUT A VERY MINOR PROBLEMS
OF COURSE J.G. IS THE FINEST BOSS IN THE WORLD!
J.G. FLINT
HE'S EVEN-TEMPERED, GENTLE, KINDHEARTED, DEMOCRATIC, AND NO ONE'S PROBLEM IS TOO SMALL FOR HIM TO ANSWER FULLY! GO RIGHT IN, MISS!
THANK YOU!
PRIV
?
AND STAY OUT!
PRIVATE
6


WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WANTED **THAT** SWEATER! I'D NEVER HAVE LET YOU GO IN! HE LOST $50,000 ON THAT MODEL!
BUT I **MUST** HAVE ONE!
PSST... MISS!
?
I'VE GOT ONE THAT I MANAGED TO HIDE WHEN THEY BURNED THE OTHERS! I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT FOR $25!
$25??!! BUT IT WAS $5 IN THE STORE! OH, WELL... IT'S A COLLECTOR'S ITEM! I'LL TAKE IT!
CAME BUZZ'S BIRTHDAY...
HI, PATSY!
♫ ♫ HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BUZZ!
HOW D'YOU LIKE IT? I BOUGHT IT THE DAY WE WERE SHOPPING FOR YOUR FATHER'S GIFT!
YIPE!
MY! HOW BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS HAVE CHANGED!
SLAM!
THE END
7

WHIZZ QUIZZ

1 When you hear the lilting strains of these popular records, what vocalist pops into your mind?

1. That's My Desire
2. White Christmas
3. A Tree in the Meadow
4. Nature Boy
5. Little White Lies
6. Prisoner of Love
7. Yesterdays
8. If You Were But a Dream
9. Maybe You'll Be There
10. She's Too Fat For Me

2 Can you match these famous Shakespearian characters to their correct play?

1. Ophelia
2. Puck
3. Shylock
4. Olivia
5. Desdemona
6. Falstaff
7. Ariel
8. Macduff
9. Brutus
10. Kate

- a. Julius Caesar
- b. Taming of the Shrew
- c. King Henry IV
- d. The Tempest
- e. Macbeth
- f. Hamlet
- g. Othello
- h. Twelfth Night
- i. Merchant of Venice
- j. Midsummer Night's Dream

3 Listed below are the names of ten Hollywood stars. The first five are women, the remainder, men. The initial of the last name of each star is the first letter. Can you unscramble them?

1. FOANTJNNEAIO
2. WNAEJNAMY
3. DDANILLLRANE
4. TANNERURLA
5. GETATRBLEBY
6. DEARANDUY
7. PEGOGERRYKC
8. LESTARCANRBTU
9. SAMJTWESTARE
10. COMNERLYFTIMTOG

ANSWERS

3: 1—Joan Fontaine, 2—Jane Wyman, 3—Linda Darnell, 4—Lana Turner, 5—Betty Grable, 6—Dan Duryea, 7—Gregory Peck, 8—Burt Lancaster, 9—James Stewart, 10—Montgomery Clift.

2: 1—f, 2—j, 3—i, 4—h, 5—g, 6—c, 7—d, 8—e, 9—a, 10—b.

1: 1—Frankie Laine, 2—Bing Crosby, 3—Margaret Whiting, 4—Nat Cole, 5—Dick Haymes, 6—Perry Como, 7—Jo Stafford, 8—Frank Sinatra, 9—Gordon Jenkins, 10—Arthur Godfrey.

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KEEP BUYING BONDS

FOR GIRLS ONLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Dear Miss Parker,

I'm a boy 16 years old. I know your column is for girls, but I have a question about a girl that maybe you can answer. Jean and I have been going together for two years, almost, and I know she likes me, but she always acts funny when I ask her for a date. She says she'll have to let me know, and that she's awfully busy, but she always ends up going. Why doesn't she say so in the first place?

H. O.

Dear H. O.,

Jean's probably fishing . . . she wants you to coax her, to tell her that you want to go with her more than anyone else. And maybe she thinks you're taking her for granted, and she's trying to let you know that other fellows enjoy her company, too. It sounds as though Jean is strictly your queen because she never turns you down. But if you want to keep it that way, why don't you sprinkle a little more attention . . . and affection . . . her way?

Dear Polly,

I'm in love with the most wonderful boy in the world, but he won't consider going steady with me. He's gone steady before, and he doesn't want to take the chance of being hurt again. He takes me out, but he also dates other girls. What can I do to win him?

J. T.

Dear J. T.,

Exactly what is so dreamy and desirable about going steady? I'd like to know. Just as your friend tells you, he doesn't want to be "hurt" again, and he's right—when you become an exclusive twosome, you expose yourself to all kinds of heartbreak and emotional problems . . .

Take your cue from the fact that your boy friend is still dating other girls. Date other boys. Don't let him think for a moment that you're breathing only for the day when you'll be a steady pair.

Dear Polly,

Most boys I know have dated by the time they are 18, but I haven't. It's not that I don't like girls. I do, but I guess I'm just too shy. I can never get up enough nerve to ask a girl to go anywhere with me. What can a girl-shy fellow do?

E. T.

Dear E. T.,

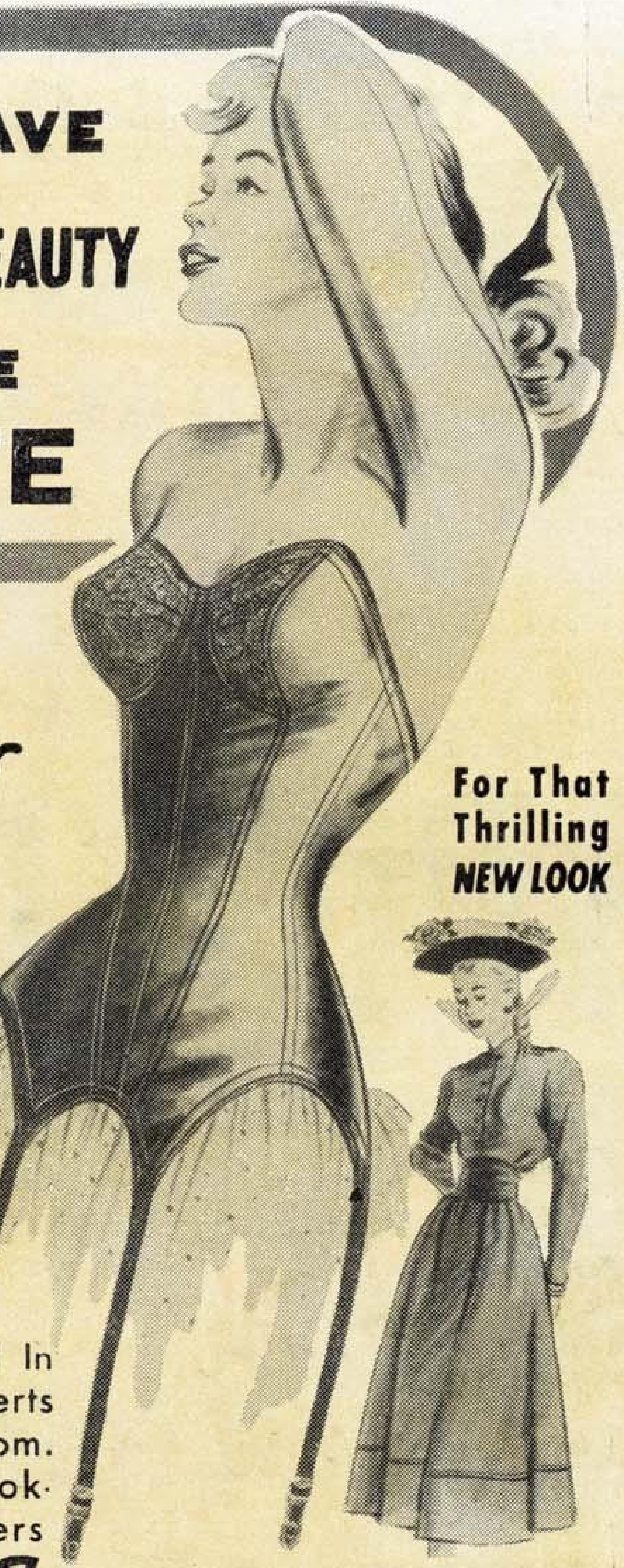
If you like girls, the odds are that they like you too, and are probably wondering when you are going to ask them out. It is not as hard as it may seem. Make up your mind that on a certain day at a zero hour you are going to ask Betty or Mary to go to a movie or bowling, or whatever you think will be fun for both of you. It's easy and you'll find yourself doing it again.

Send your letters in care of:

Polly Parker
Suite 1404
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.

Now YOU CAN HAVE DARING *Newest Look* BEAUTY WITH ALL-IN-ONE

TRI-LETTE



For That Thrilling *NEW LOOK*

It's All These
1- uplift bra
2- waist nipper
3- garter belt

Put your figure in *style!* Look feminine, curvaceous—*instantly*—with new marvelous TRI-LETTE. It's taken New York by storm ...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the *right* places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter *what* shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRI-LETTE costs little more then bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous "New Look" figure. A cup, 32 to 36. B cup, 32 to 38. C cup, 32 to 42.

BLUE • WHITE • NUDE • BLACK

Have Tiny Waist —Full Bosom FIGURE

$5.95

BLUE • WHITE
NUDE • BLACK

BE SMARTLY STRAPLESS OR WEAR STRAPS *ALSO INCLUDED*

Costs so little

MAIL COUPON NOW!

SEND ON 10-DAY APPROVAL

WILCO CO., Dept. 619-H
45 East 17th St., New York

Rush your new TRI-LETTE for $5.95. CUP________SIZE________

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage. ☐ I enclose $5.95. You pay postage

1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City, Zone, State____________________

I understand if not delighted with TRI-LETTE I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

DON'T STAY FAT...LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES SAFELY- WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3.: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on *men* as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. 102
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State________

☐ I enclose $5.00. Send the Giant Size Body Massage Cream with My Spot Reducer.

SENT ON APPROVAL